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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Magna Britannia; being a Concise Topographical Account of the several Counties of Great Britain. By the Rev. Daniel Lysons, and Samuel Lysons, Esq. &c. Vol. VI. containing Devonshire. London 1822. Thomas Cadell. 4to. 2 vols.

THE death, in 1819, of the last mentioned of these brothers, whose topographical pursuits and publications are too well known to require a comment, has delayed the appearance of the present work, devoted to a county of great beauty and salubrity, but of as little interest in other respects as any with which we are acquainted in England. Its historical features are not strongly marked, its antiquities comparatively few and uncertain, and its localities not very distinguishable for peculiar traits: "Concise topography" being the essence of design, it may be surmised that a reviewer can do little with the details. In fact, our notice of these volumes must of necessity be very short.

Devonshire was probably peopled by the original Britons, called *Danmonii*, or by *Cimbri* (in which case the *Danmonii* were Belgic invaders;) it formed a portion of the *Britannia Prima* of the Romans; and was afterwards a province of the West Saxons, and the *Cornu Britanni*, or *Cornish*, was spoken till the 10th century, when the Britons were expelled beyond the Tamar by *Athelstan*.

It now consists of 471 parishes; and is divided into four Archdeaconries, 23 deaneries, and 430 benefices; of which 258 are rectories, 130 vicarages, and 42 donatives or curacies. The population by the last census is estimated at 438,760 souls.

Having briefly epitomized Mr. Lyson's general history of its ancient and modern state, we shall merely mention that he gives particular accounts of the families who have held lands in this quarter, whether extinct, removed, or remaining; and also of its geographical positions, its Roman roads, its antiquities, &c. &c. which are little more than dry notes, and afford nothing for illustration. The description of *Local Customs* occupies only a page and a half; and as most suitable for our purpose, we copy it, as an example of the work:

"In most parts of the cyder-district a custom still prevails, of what was called in ancient times 'wassailing the apple-trees.' This custom was accompanied by the superstitious belief, in the words of an old poet,

'That more or less fruit they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing.'

This ceremony at some places is performed on Christmas-eve; in others, on Twelfth-day eve. It consists in drinking a health to one of the apple-trees, with wishes for its good bearing, which generally turns out successful, as the best bearing tree in the orchard is selected for the purpose. It is attended with singing some verses applicable to the occasion; beginning, 'Health to thee, good apple-

tree.' The potation consists of cyder, in which is put roasted apples or toast: when all have drank, the remainder of the contents of the bowl are sprinkled over the apple-tree. The old Saxon term 'wassail,' which is well known to imply drinking of health, is thus defined in the glossary to the Exmoor dialect: 'A drinking-song sung on Twelfth-day eve, throwing toast to the apple-trees in order to have a fruitful year, which seems to be a relic of the heathen sacrifice to Pomona.'

"The circumstances attending the reaping of wheat in Devonshire, and the harvest-home, are, I believe, peculiar to the western counties. The custom of almost the whole population of a village flocking voluntarily and gratuitously to the reaping of the farmer's wheat was almost universal in this county, although the practice of hiring reapers for the purpose has been gaining ground of late years, being a much less expensive mode; for though not paid, these volunteer-reapers are entertained at a much greater expense than their hire would cost; and the whole of the wheat-harvest appears, by Vancouver's description, to be a scene of noisy mirth and intemperance. He says, that 'when all the wheat in a field has been reaped and bound, a small sheaf is put at the top of one of the ridges, when the reapers, retiring to a certain distance, each throws his reap-hook at it, until one more fortunate, or less inebriated than the rest, strikes it down, when the whole company join for a length of time in shouts of 'We ha un, we ha un!'

"It has been mentioned in the History of Cornwall, that at the conclusion of the harvest in the neighbourhood of Truro, the last handful of corn is tied up, adorned with flowers, and carried about by the reapers, &c. shouting, 'A neck, a neck!' Mr. Brand relates, on the authority of the clergyman of Werrington, in Devon, (being on the borders of the north of Cornwall,) that the last ears of corn are tied up into a curious figure, which they call 'a knack': this is brought home with great acclamations, the labourers shouting, 'A knack, a knack, well cut, well bound, well shock'd!' &c.; it is then hung over the table in the farmer's house, and kept till the next year; its owner preserving it with the greatest care, and refusing on any account to part with it.

"The yule or Christmas-log, is still burnt on Christmas-eve in some parts of the county; in others, they have a custom of burning, on Christmas-eve, a large fagot of green ash. Mummers go about at the Christmas-season, in some parts of the county, acting a kind of rude drama, on the subject of the exploits of St. George.

"Wrestling is still a favourite gymnastic diversion in the north of Devon, in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, and on the borders of Cornwall."

Our readers may hug themselves on not having any more of the last subject. Vol. II. contains an alphabetical account of the pa-

ishes, equally dry with the other enumerations. We quote, as a variety, from the history of Widdecombe, or Withecombe, in the Moors, a curious sample of parochial poetry:—

"The parish-church was much damaged by lightning on the 21st of October, 1698, during the time of Divine service, by which awful event some of the congregation then assembled were killed. The particulars are recorded in some verses, still remaining in the church. They were written by a person who was present at the time.

In token of our thanks to God these tables were erected, [here protected,

Who, in a dreadful thunder-storm, our persons
Within this church of Widecombe, 'mongst many
fearful signs,

The manner of it is declared in these ensuing lines: In sixteen hundred thirty-eight, October twenty-first, [addressed

On the Lord's day, at afternoon, when people were
To their devotion, in this church, while singing
here they were [so near,

A psalm, distrusting nothing of the danger then
A crack of thunder suddenly, with lightning, hail,
and fire, [choir,

Fell on the church and tower here, and ran into the
A sulphureous smell came with it, and the tower
strangely rent, [sent,

The stones abroad into the air with violence were
Some broken small as dust, or sand, some whole as
they came out [about,

From of the building, and here lay in places round
Some fell upon the church, and brake the roof in
many places: [faces:]

Men so perplexed were they knew not one another's
They all or most were stupified, that with so strange
a smell, [befell,

Or other force, what'er it was, which at that time
One man was struck dead, two wounded, so they
died few hours after.

No father could think on his son, nor mother mind
her daughter.

One man was scorched so that he lived but fourteen
days and died, [there beside

Whose clothes were very little burnt, but many
Were wounded, scorched, and stupified in that so
strange a storm, [preserved a worm.

Which who had seen would say 'twas hard to have
The different affections of people then were such
That, touching some particulars, we have omitted
much, [men's mouths,

But what we here related here is truth in most
Some had their skin all over scorched, yet no harm
in their clothes. [was in part,

One man had money in his purse which melted
A key likewise, which hung thereto, and yet the
purse not hurt, [made.

Save only some black holes, so small as with a needle
Lightning, some say, no scabbard hurts, but breaks
and melts the blade. [by the wall,

One man there was sat on the bier that stood fast
The bier was tore with stones that fell, he had no
harm at all, [the bier was torn.

Not knowing how he thence came forth, nor how
Thus in this doleful accident great numbers were
forborne,

Amongst the rest a little child, which scarce knew
good from ill, [served still.

Was seen to walk amidst the church, and yet pre-
The greatest admiration was that most men should
be free [and see.

Among so many dangers here which we did hear
The church within so filled was with timber, stones,
and fire, [in the choir;

That scarce a vacant place was seen in church or
Nor had we memory to strive from those things to
be gone, [quickly done.

Which would have been but work in vain all was so
The wit of man could not cast down so much from
off the steeple, [of the people;

From off the churches roof, and not destroy much
But he who rules both air and fire, and other
forces all, [most dreadful fall.

Hath us preserv'd, bless'd be his name, in that
If ever people had a cause to serve the Lord and
pray [they;

For judgment and deliverance, then surely we are
Which, that we may perform by the assistance of
his grace, [dwelling-place,

That we at last in time may have with him a
All you that look upon these lines of this so sad a
story, [his glory

Remember who hath you preserved, ascribe unto
The preservation of your lives, who might have
lost your breath [you and death.

When others did, if mercy had not stepp'd 'twixt
We hope that they were well prepared, although
we know not how [ready now.

'Twas then with them, it's well with you if you are
Exeter, Tavistock, Plymouth, and Barn-
staple, are the most generally interesting
places: the latter as being here decided to be
the birth-place of Gay the poet, or at least the
place of his baptism, the register of which,
hitherto sought in vain, occurs 16th Sept. 1685.

In stating that the details in these volumes
are dry, we do not mean to say that they are
ill done; but simply that the subject is dry.
Mr. Lysons has done the best for it, and
seems to be diligent and correct. The plates
are well executed, and we dare say the book
will be very acceptable to the gentry of
Devon.

LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.

*Select Poems of Edward Hovel Thurlow, Lord
Thurlow.* Chiswick: printed by C. Whit-
tingham. 1821. 12mo. pp. 92.

Poems on Several Occasions. By Edward
Hovel Thurlow, Lord Thurlow. The
2d edition: several poems being added.
London. W. Booth. 1822. 12mo. pp. 105.
Angelica; or the Rape of Proteus: a poem.
Idem. pp. 57.

*Arcita and Palamon: after the excellent poet
Geoffrey Chaucer.* Idem. 8vo. pp. 113.

WE last week arrived at the two concluding
volumes in our title; and if it is not acknow-
ledged that they show Lord Thurlow to be a
bold Baron, we will cry peccavi. A con-
tinuation of Shakespeare and a competition
with Chaucer!! Yet both are modestly pre-
faced: the first as a sequel to the Tempest;
changing the name of Miranda into Angelica,
giving her the sea-god Proteus for a lover,
and making the "sea-maid" Celatis ena-
mour'd of Ferdinand; and the last as an
attempt to render the Knight's Tale in more
modern language. We cannot compliment
the noble Lord on either version; for to speak
the truth, he is not so great as Shakespeare,
and does seem to mar Chaucer. We shall
therefore only accompany him in detail
through some pages of his Angelica; and

content ourselves with opposing to each other
a few passages from Chaucer as originally
written and as improved.

Perhaps it is in imitation of ancient sim-
plicity that Lord Thurlow is very explicit in
his amative descriptions; but in good faith
he is sometimes so very plain spoken that we
are afraid to quote him. We know very well
why Ophelia, being distraught, sings snatches
of old ballads not over decorous in the mouth
of a young lady,—this is in nature; but why
Lord Thurlow should compose new ballads
of a similar sort for his heroine, being in her
proper senses, we are at a loss to conceive.
The touching melody of poor Ophelia,—the
pathetic contrast of her valentine chant
with the sadness of her situation, are inex-
pressibly affecting; but we were only moved
to laughter by the following imitation of
Angelica:

For, O dear sir, I was chaste, and sweet,
Till I gave you a part of my maiden sheet:
Alas! why did I so?

The morning shot in his amber ray,
He donn'd his clothes, and went his way:
I never shall see him mo.

With O bull-rushes, O green bull-rushes,
How sweet is the breath of Spring!
These bull-rushes form a queer chorus to a
queer stanza; but are by no means mal-
apropos to the noble bard's other Don Juan-
isms. Thus the monster Proteus, a change-
able lover in his day, declares

Angelica shall be Angelica,
But with her zone unloos'd, and flowing hair
Dishevell'd in delight; and reign the queen
Of the dark-weedy shore, and charm the cave
With prodigal demeanour to her God,
When disabus'd of her virginity.

His friend the Mermaid replies in a like
strain:

The very sea-gulls know thy song—
Why Love has done thee this great wrong,
And Love must cure the wound he made,
By rape of this hard-hearted maid.

But if Proteus is absurd in his loves, he is
no less absurd in his hates. Being enraged
at Caliban, he exclaims—

Well, I will penn the monster to a rock,
And let him howl nine moons into the deep,
Or bid the Tritons whip him, till his roar
Outgoes the copulating whale: what wretch!
Forego my precept, and forsake his herd
Of porpusses, and fanged war'y calvea?
But I will well requite thee.

And immediately his ready chorus, the
Mermaid, sings—

Proteus, Love, who skims the seas,
And on the sands does what he please,
Not Caliban, though he be vile,
Hath work'd against thee with this guile.

Penning monsters to rocks is one of the
oddest ideas ever penned; but the especial
blemish of the passage is in the rhyme of *seas*
to *please*, which in good grammar ought to
have been *pleases*, and consequently *seases*.
This would have a novel and wavy effect, and
we really persuade ourselves has a sort of
liquidness about it which would make the
sound an echo to the sense. This beauty in
poetry, our readers are aware, has been
much praised, and we certainly think well of
it ourselves. There is, however, a difficulty
in its appropriation when it happens, as it
frequently does in Angelica, that there is no
sense to be echoed. Thus, for instance, of
Lais, a courtesan of Naples, it is told that she
"sate" by Ferdinand,

With, O, such heart-drawn sighs, and silv'ry team,
Her lill'd hands still tending on his clothes,
With many melting tales of loving maids,
Who were undone by false men in their youth,
And died of passion, interweaving songs,
Which would make Philomel die, that first he kis'd,
And then—but I forbear it: - - -

So do we, for the story after all is but in-
vented to

- - - - - prevent
The liberal maid from marriage with a man!!

This would in the noble bard's thinking be
a lamentable catastrophe, for he makes his
heroine dole out the following whimsical
lamentation:

- - - - - if Ferdinand yet live,
I may become his wife; if he be gone,
Farewell to marriage, and the natural joy,
Which maids are heir to, as thou wisely say'st,
But say'st with ill intent: I'll be a rose,
To waste my blushes on the desert air,
And fade, as undistilled of my sweets.

On the other hand, his Lordship is warm in
his conceptions of matrimonial felicity; he
talks of clapping "in especial arms," and

- - - - - then, think the bliss,
The pure, compendious bliss; infinite essence,
Which shall unlock the gates of satisfaction.

Which is absolutely the essence of absurdity,
and closes our gates of satisfaction most en-
tirely. His Lordship's definition of Love is
another precious morsel:

- - - - - such a thing is love;
Made up of fire, and wanton-spirited air,
Dull earth, and chilling water: - - -

This compound is only fit for the female
loveliness painted by the same limner, who
draws his BEAUTY in the lines—

Of Hebe, more enlarged than she went,
To absolute perfection of her state.

In natural proportion of her soul,
The golden heavens clipping her around,
As much as say, Behold a paragon!

The fire of Jove doth lighten in her eyes,
And blazes through her crystal limbs, to show
Her fine proportion, and pure temperament.

- - - - - those brave legs
Are not of mortal mould! - - -

Proteus is not to blame, if he prefer
Her garter to the belt of all the world.

Bravo, bravo—but more—

She is herself a world, a complete world,
Where all the wealth of nature is display'd.

- - - - - O devil, devil,
Full of seduction, and abandonment,
Were women all like thee, then the whole world
Were surely mad with Venus: - - -

His Lordship is rather guilty of calling the
fair sex devils; we have the epithet again in
a very odd account which Proteus gives of
his affairs under the waves, where he seems
to get into hot water with Amphitrite:

The blue-ey'd devil, nymph Autolyca,
Stands at her elbow, minding her wrongs,
And wiping her salt tears with amber hair.
Autolyca, whom Neptune's self adores,
Yet Amphitrite loves her to perdition.
Perdition catch her! for her fatal beauty
Shall be my only ruin: Ferdinand
Shall have, in spousal bed, Angelica,
And I forsake my hopes of happiness,
And all, because Autolyca is fair.

There is a terrible misuse of the word
"shall;" Proteus goes on to tell his accom-
plice Celatis—

... you're recall'd to Amphitrite's throne:
And the sea-nymphs shall whip you, they shall
whip you,

For thrice-sev'n seasons, 'till this partial fire
Be all expung'd, and raz'd; I heard the mandate;
Autolyca is bade to see it done.

Poor Celatis' partial fires have, it appears,
been already "expung'd" and "raz'd" by
this whipping process, for she confesses—

... I have felt her whips: the smiling Venus
Lash'd me to purpose in her mistress' cell,
Where the Sea-maids must suffer penalty,
For faults conceiv'd or acted: - - -

And her comfortable friend Proteus re-
iterates his consolations:

Well, she shall whip you,

And worse than that, - - -
But we have devoted enough of our space
to this rhapsody. Celatis by an apt com-
parison for such burning love as hers, cries—

Give me Ferdinand,

And all the world I weigh not at a cinder.

Endeavouring to drown him for the accom-
plishment of this desire, she is called an
"unsea-like maid," and foiled by Neptune;
and the young King of Naples, after reward-
ing the sailors "with a full purse of guineas,"
leaps ashore to his Angelica. The angry
Neptune renders poetical justice to Proteus;
this is his sentence:

Blow, Tritons, blow!

And let this traitor-God my presence know.

Bind him in secular chains:

And with the wolf, and bear

Let him in sorrow pair,

Where nought, beneath my throne, eternal reigns.

Blow, Tritons, blow!

The secular chains are a new manufactory
of iron work, and perhaps only fit to be em-
ployed in pairing a prisoner with two brutes,
to make a sorrowful trio! The grand finale is
sung by Autolyca:

Duke of Milan, waken now!

Fear is chased from thy brow:

Neptune has thy daughter sav'd;

Else dishonour had enslav'd

Her free virgin mind; and taught

Doctrine, which indeed is nought.

Proteus now is made to groan

Underneath his emerald throne:

And by his queen is Ferdinand sped

To thy daughter's holy bed,

Where Hymen stands with blushing cheeks,

And his sacred wishes speaks

O'er the immortal counterpane.

We can no more; this counterpane is a
wet blanket to criticism.

As we professed, we shall very concisely
dismiss Arcita and Palamon, which we esteem
as little better than Chaucer spoilt. A few
parallel passages will show this.

Whylo, as olde stories tellen us

There was a duke that bight Theseus

Of Athens he was Lord and governour

And in his time such a conquerour

That greater was none under the Son.

Thus simply begins Chaucer, and thus the
Lord mends him:

In the old time, as the old stories say,

A duke in Athens did the sceptre sway,

His name was Theseus, and of mighty state,

And such a victor in his time and date,

Under the bright sun there was none more great.

Again:

But all that thing, I mote as now forbere

I here God wot a large field to ere

And woked bene the oxen in the plowe

The remnant of my tale is long ynow—

This Duke of whom I make mencione
Whon he was come almost to the Town
In all his wele and his most pride
He was ware, as he cast his eye aside
Where that there kneled in the high way, &c.

Thus poorly rendered:

But all these things I must as now forbear,
An ample field is waiting for my share;
Open the smoking furrow, and for work prepare.

This duke, of whom I told you the renown,
When he was come almost into the town,
In all his welfare and his utmost pride,
And had his warlike lady by his side,
And all the happy people shouted far and wide,
Aware he was, casting his eye aside,
Where in the highway kneeled, &c.

One example more will suffice:—the af-
flicted Thebanus tell their griefs,—
And with that word without more respite
They fallen grovy, and crien piteously
Have on us wretched wymen some mercy
And let our sorowe synke in thine hert.

This gentle duke downe fro' his horse stert
With hert piteous, whan he he herd hem speke
Him thought that his hert wolde breke.

Of which the translation is thus miserably
inferior:

And at that word, not saying any more,
Flat fell they down upon the dusty floor,
Flat fell they down, and cried out piteously,
"Ah! good lord duke, we perish but for thee:
Some mercy to us, wretched wives, impart;
And let our sorrow sink into thine heart."
Straight from his horse the gentle duke came down;
The tears of pity did his visage drown,
He thought his very heart would break, to view
So lost, dejected, and distress'd a crew.

When we find a version containing such
specimens in the first four pages, it would be
a waste of time to pursue it to any further
issue. We advise the noble Lord to let Chaucer
alone, and not to give us any additions to
Shakespeare. In slight original pieces he has
often a poetical vein, and of these we would
speak most kindly, for it is a pleasure to see
a Nobleman attached to the refinements of
literature.

DR. DELLA CELLA'S TRAVELS IN BARBARY.

We must refer so far back as to our *Gazette*
of the 25th of May, for the first and only no-
tice of this octavo which we have found
opportunity to take of it. The subject pos-
sessing additional interest from the circum-
stance of British officers being now engaged
in exploring the same country, and, indeed,
being in itself connected with those recol-
lections to which our earliest instructive im-
pressions are joined, would be sufficient claim
to this further illustration.

Dr. Della Cella attended the Pasha of
Tripoli's son, Bey Ahmet, in 1817, in an ex-
pedition against his eldest and a rebellious
brother Mhamet Karamalli, Governor of Ben-
gasi. Our former paper accompanied him by
Lebda (Leptis Magna) and Cape Mesu-
rata, to Labiar, where the insurgents were
dispersed. Thence the force to which the
Doctor was attached pursued its route to the
ancient Cyrene. What must Phœnicia have
been of old when fully peopled, since it is
even now, under the desolating rule of Bar-
barians, thus described!

... "Beautiful green valleys open be-
tween the hills; and the Bedonins, allured
by the rich pastures, and the abundance of
refreshing water, wander from vale to vale
with their flocks and herds.

"We proceeded during several days
amongst these hills and valleys, and always
with that renewed delight which is produced
by the inexhaustible varieties of landscape,
and the ruins of ancient edifices, which at
every step exhibit themselves as a portion of
the annals of that powerful nation with
which this tract of country once was peopled.
Not a hill is to be seen that is not crowned
with vestiges of ancient fortresses, and not a
ruined fortress that is not surrounded by
sepulchres and houses, all formed out of the
very bowels of the hill.

"The nearer we approached Cyrene, the
more striking was this peculiar kind of archi-
tecture; at Zardes, seven hours march from
Elbenit, I began to observe some large masses
like columns which had served to support a
building, and had been formed by digging
round them in the heart of the hill; and at
Sire, eleven hours march from Zardes, I
viewed with astonishment the number of
cells into which an edifice, of one entire
piece, cut out of the body of the hill, had
been divided. After another hour's march to
Slanta I remarked, in a very small compass,
about two hundred cells excavated quite
close to each other, and in the very heart of
the mountain; nor was this singular kind of
architecture as easily accomplished as if it
had been executed in crumbling sandstone
like that in the country adjacent to the gulph.
The last beds of that conchylious sandstone
cover the lowest hillocks of the Cyrenaica
which incline westward towards the sea; but
beyond them the crust of conglomerated sand
ceases, and the heart of these mountains
consists of a compact chalk which has the
usual hardness of all kinds of marble; and,
though of secondary formation, and bearing
frequent traces of shells, its grain is fine, and
often glitters like saline marble. It is of a
yellowish colour, often porous like the tra-
vertine, and by long exposure to the air ac-
quires, like the travertine, a reddish hue
which renders these remains peculiarly agree-
able to the eye. Such is the nature of the
rock which prevails through all that part of
the Cyrenaica visited by me, and in which
the industry and power of the ancient nation
once settled there, excavated both tombs
and habitations."

We cannot pass the modern contrast:

"Upon this road is the sepulchre of the
most renowned Marabout, Sidy Mhamet-
Emeri, the fame of whose miracles is spread-
ing far and wide. The whole army repaired
to this mausoleum with the most profound
devotion, covering its walls with offerings
consisting of baskets of the finest dates and
pistachio nuts, vessels full of butter, horse
accoutrements, firelocks, sabres, and old stir-
rups. The Bey with great solemnity sacri-
ficed an ox, sprinkled its blood upon the
floor of the sepulchre, distributed the meat,
when broiled, amongst all his staff, myself
excepted, because as an infidel I was deemed
unworthy of such an honour. Being very
curious to ascertain the effect produced by
these offerings at the tomb of the Marabout,
I dressed myself in the garb of a Mameluke,
mixed with the crowd of devotees, and pen-
etrated into the *sanctum sanctorum*, where I
found a table better covered than any I had
seen since I lived among these people. All
the delicious productions of this fertile dis-
trict were collected together in great abun-
dance round the tomb of the departed saint;
amid such a plenty of tempting objects, my
eyes chiefly reposed upon a small basket full

of the finest dates I had ever seen; and as the day's allowance of provisions had been but scanty, I stretched forth a sacrilegious hand, and quickly emptied the basket. The next day the camp resounded with the report of the miracle performed by the deceased, who had thus accepted the offering of the pious; and it was even asserted by some that he had been heard in the very act of mastication.

"The environs of the sepulchre appear to have been very thickly inhabited in remote times; for the ruins of dilapidated towns present themselves to view during several hours march. The totally deserted state of these districts does not prevent the traveller from being particularly struck with their extreme fertility, and he will more especially remark the vigorous appearance of the olive trees which spread spontaneously over vast tracts of country. The Bedouins, who use no other sauce than butter, not only set no value upon this tree, but from superstitious motives, prevent others from gathering its fruit and making oil, which, if sent by the way of Bengasi to the European market, would alone suffice to enrich the whole country. Gigantic fig, carob, pistachio, and wild pear trees grow and flourish among the olive trees; and the whole aspect of these regions, though left entirely without cultivation, conveys a greater idea of fertility than any of our best tilled [the Italian] provinces."

Near Spaghe, the author says, "I found all the surrounding hills covered with the remains of spacious buildings and tombs. In one of my rambles amongst these hills, and near the ruins of a very ancient fort, I discovered a powerful spring of the most limpid water; and not far from it, close also to some dilapidated edifices, another spring rushed forth from the clefts in the calcareous rocks of which these mountains are composed. These being the first springs I had seen upon African ground, I hastened to communicate my discovery to the Bey, requesting him to accompany me, and enjoy a sight so perfectly novel to him; but, unacquainted as he was with the spouting out of water from the earth, and with the quality and nature of any other than well water, he laughed at my description, denied the possibility of the fact, and seemed to delight in classing me with the many hyperbolic narrators of such marvels.

"These hills produce a flowering plant nearly resembling our artichoke, both in appearance and taste; the Bedouins eat the leaves of the cup, and our soldiers, following their example, found them so good quickly to devour all they could find, so that I could scarcely procure one for my collection; and this having been unfortunately left in my tent, one of my slaves laid hands upon it, under pretence that I had purposely reserved it for him; and no other could I ever find."

The Doctor also describes a curious coin here, but, like his description of the plant, is too indefinite to furnish us with correct information. He neither tells us where it was found, nor of what metal it is; all that we learn is, that it has a head of Jupiter Ammon on one side, and on the other probably a figure of the famous plant Silphium, "whose juice, extracted and prepared by the Cyrenians, and exported to foreign countries, formed a lucrative branch of their trade."

Theophrastus states that this plant grew near the Garden of the Hesperides, and its extracted juice was esteemed an admirable

medicine—(See Pliny and Strabo, *passim*.) It is remarkable that the camels belonging to the army were almost all poisoned by the herbage about Spaghe, and the author imputes this to an umbelliferous plant growing there, which he supposes to be the Silphium. Leaving these fatal pastures, the Bey marched from Slughe to Cyrene; and the wonderful antiquities of the country are detailed in the subjoined extracts:

"You must expect (says the writer) to find this letter full of the descriptions of ruined edifices, dilapidated forts, sarcophagi and sepulchres hollowed out of the solid rock; for such is the ordinary decoration of all the roads leading to Cyrene. The number of the forts upon the hills is so great as to raise a doubt whether they were the abodes of the rich and powerful, places of refuge against sudden attacks by the wandering tribes, or regular strong holds for the general defence of the district."

"An hour before we reached Cyrene, the ground of the lowest ramifications of the heights was covered for about a mile with vast and noble remains of buildings; and the heart of the hills was excavated into tombs and sarcophagi. These ruins were picturesquely embellished and enlivened by flowery clusters of the Oleander (*Nerium Oleander*, Linn.) called by the Bedouins, Salsaf, a name which they apply also to the site occupied by these remnants of antiquity. The most conspicuous amongst these interesting vestiges is a very capacious aqueduct, extending towards Cyrene, and in its progress occasionally exhibiting its remains upon the surface of the ground. One half of it is cut in the solid rock, and the other half is raised upon arches, united by beautifully wrought stone, disposed so as to form a succession of parallel courses. Observing that a letter of an alphabet I was unacquainted with, was cut upon each stone within the channel of the aqueduct in such a manner as to form, by regular series, one direct line, each line being repeated upon every course of stone, I entered the aqueduct, and endeavoured to copy the letters; but the little light that glimmered through the broken parts of the aqueduct, the stagnant water in it, and the inconvenient posture necessary for the examination of the letters, formed insuperable obstacles to my wishes and efforts. Although these, like other inscriptions upon these ruins, belong to languages which are now lost, I have not judged it useless to copy them whenever I had an opportunity; for besides, that these letters may possibly furnish some elementary insight into the alphabets of those languages, however obscure; they are so many authentic documents of nations of different tongues who successively resided here. They are equally important also from their utility, in preventing us from yielding entirely to the authority of the Greek writers, who, biassed by vanity, and an excessive attachment to their own nation, could not refrain from ascribing every trace of civilization to a Greek origin, and finding in the Cyrenaica nothing but a people of Greeks descended from the colony of Tera.

"Among these ruins are innumerable basins and canals, which were probably supplied with water from the great aqueduct. Towards the west, the walls of a small square temple are still standing, with its entrance perfectly preserved, and ornamented with fluted three quarter columns with Corinthian capitals. The pediment is embellished with

a bas relief, representing little boys supporting a vine loaded with grapes; and vestiges of a lofty wall are discoverable round this little temple, which probably was constructed within a larger.

"Quitting these venerable remains, and continuing to ascend among the hills, I gained the summit of a mountain about five hundred metres above the level of the Mediterranean, and was forcibly struck with the scene which lay before me. It was a very extensive plain covered, as far as the eye could reach, with an immense quantity of ruins; the ground was thickly strewn with the remains of towers and walls, confused heaps of fragments rose on every side, long streets or highways flanked with sepulchres were every where distinguishable; and whichever way I turned, I saw such vast masses of dilapidated structures as sufficiently proved the antique existence of some great and splendid city. Thick clusters of cypresses overshadowing some of the tombs, increased the melancholy aspect of this singular scene; and some Bedouin tents pitched among these venerable monuments of antiquity, forcibly brought to my mind the long interval of destructive time, which divides the present age from those which are long since past. Such was the effect produced upon my mind by the ancient and dilapidated metropolis of the Cyrenaica, situated, as you will have observed, upon an extensive platform upon the summit of the mountains of the Pentapolis, thus perfectly illustrating the exactitude of the Greek geographer," who says that he had seen it from the sea, apparently as if raised upon a sort of table."

How much do we regret in reading this interesting account, that it is unaccompanied by plates, and that the author appears to have no knowledge of the ancient Phœnician language.

• Strabo Geogr. lib. xvii.
(To be continued.)

The Present State of England, in regard to Agriculture, Trade, and Finance; with a Comparison of the Prospects of England and France. By Joseph Lowe, Esq. London 1822. 8vo. pp. 482. Longman & Co.

We have avoided meddling with what is popularly termed *politics*, as a passionate ill-tempered subject, that neither accords with our views nor suits our columns. But *Statistics*, or *political economy*, (as the science has been fancifully and injudiciously called) presents us with a very different subject. In fact, this science, which is commanding more and more attention every year, may be styled a domestic or fire-side science; for it is conversant about the modes of procuring employment and the means of comfort for ourselves and our children. In the language of the author of the *Productive System*, "few, if any, affect so extensively and constantly the happiness of man. It is intimately connected with every-day transactions; and upon the soundness of its principle depends the choice of measures, which have a vital influence, not merely on the progress of improvement in a nation, but on the comforts of every individual and family, whatever the rank." We make no apology, therefore, considering the importance of the inquiry, for occasionally noticing such new Statistical treatises as appear to us to have practical merit, whether the writers range themselves

on the side of the productive or of the unproductive system.

The author of the work, parts of which we are about to examine by way of illustration, has, we understand, long paid particular attention to statistical subjects; but, as far as we know, this is the first disquisition to which he has prefixed his name. And we have no hesitation in saying, that he has no occasion to be ashamed of what he has done, on a subject whose various topics are so generally discussed, and at a period when so much discordant theoretical fancy is displayed on the questions arising out of them, though purely practical. Investigating these, Mr. L. has certainly adopted the only method which is calculated to guide the statistical inquirer to truth. He collects facts, analyses them, and reasons back to the causes which produced them; and in this course appears to us to have been more than tolerably successful. The facts which he has laid before his readers are numerous, and very interesting; and his reasonings concerning them are for the most part (for there are exceptions) clear and sound. Our narrow limits will by no means allow us to give to either the particular notice, which, from their great importance to individuals, to classes, and the nation, we should otherwise be disposed to give them. But we trust that the general observations to which we must confine ourselves, will induce such of our readers as attend to these subjects, to consult the work itself, and we have no doubt but they will find their attention amply repaid.

In his 1st Chapter, which treats of the expenditure caused by the late wars, and the sources from which it was supplied, the author observes, that "War, accounted in former days a season of embarrassment and poverty, assumed in the present age the appearance of a period of prosperity." He states, the total money raised in Great Britain by loans and taxes during the twenty-three years that elapsed between the beginning of 1793 and 1816 to be about 156 millions. This enormous amount (about 140*l.* in the whole, or 6*l.* per annum a head, for man, woman, and child,) was raised with such facility, he might have added, and so adequate were the national resources to the supply, that the loans on the average brought a premium. Indeed those resources seemed to become more copious the more they were drawn upon. At first the smaller drafts were occasionally at a discount; but as they increased, the suppliers increased so much also, that they were generally at a premium; and a large portion of the greatest of all, in 1815, we believe, brought a premium of 10 per cent.

The prodigious amount of these drafts for government service, which none in ancient or modern times, during a similar period, at all approach, shows what a rapidly increasing population, in which there is so much industry and ingenuity, and such a due proportion between accumulators and expenders, as in Great Britain, is capable of performing.

Mr. Lowe proceeds to inquire into the sources of these vast supplies, and does not embrace the favourite opinion, that a monopoly of foreign commerce enjoyed by Britain during the war, in consequence of the degraded state of the Continent, was the cause of this extraordinary result; and thence try to account for the diminution that has taken place in the national income, by the failure of this imaginary monopoly, since the peace. But

what is the fact? Our foreign trade, far from falling off on the average since that period, has greatly increased. This is shown by the return of our exports. Mr. Lowe's observations on this topic are well worth considering. pp. 24—29. He presents us with three averages, two of war and one of peace. From 1793 to 1802, the average of our exports, according to the official standard, was 31 millions, and, according to the declaration of the exporters, 49: from 1803 to 1812, by the former, 42 millions; and from 1801 to 1810, by the latter, 53. The average of 7 years of peace, from 1814 to 1820, was, by official value, 54 millions; and, according to declared value, 62. So much for this grand cause of elevation and depression among our economists. Mr. L. takes the profits of the foreign trade at 24 millions per annum, and the clear saving, after paying the expenses of all concerned in it, at 3 millions. He then forcibly adds—"What will be thought of this sum as a counterpoise to our war expenditure, or as a confirmation of the notions of those sapient calculators, who still imagine the surplus of our exports over our imports, as stated in our Custom House returns, to represent the amount of money brought annually into the country." He next goes on to show what was the chief real cause of our increasing wealth under these vast drafts of Government on us. And this he argues was the increase of employment among all ranks created by these very drafts and their results. *Whatever tends to increase employment, necessarily tends to increase income and wealth, is a fundamental doctrine of the Productive system.* This principle in nature is called in to account for the astonishing results of the late war, the most extensive carried on in modern times, and continued for nearly a quarter of a century. "We may thus," says Mr. L. "safely take for granted, that increase of employment, whether arising from war or other causes, confers increased ability to pay taxes." He next goes on to explain the sources of this "extended activity," and comes to this general conclusion: "The power of paying taxes during the war, is thus to be sought, not in retrenchment on the part of the public, but in an increase of the general activity, and still more in that which Mr. Gray terms the power of *charging and counter-charging*—the power of individuals to augment those demands which constitute their respective incomes." He adds on this topic, important and interesting at all times, but particularly so at present, "The intricacy is, in regard to the portion of the expenditure supplied by taxes, the circulation of which can hardly be supposed to add to the wealth of the nation that pays them." Why, the statistician of the productive school will ask here, Why less than the prices paid by the nation to the farmer, manufacturer, builder, &c.?

"Mr. S. Gray, on whose views, particularly in regard to population, we shall soon have occasion to enlarge, appears to consider taxation a means of increasing wealth, and to make no great distinction between money raised for a military purpose, and a rate imposed for the improvement of our streets, roads, or canals. Without at present discussing this question, we have no difficulty in regarding taxation, when expended at home, less as a privation of wealth than as an instrument of circulation. It is evidently applied to the extension of employment, and, by increasing the incomes of individuals, enables them to find a fund for answering its

own demand,—the subsequent visits of the collector."

We wish Mr. L. had fairly entered on this question, which deserves to be fully examined, especially as, among its advocates, Mr. Gray tells us, and is hitherto unrefuted, that the employment which taxes pay, not merely repays the people the amount drawn for it from the people, but gives an additional return, according to what he calls the third principle of circulation. By withdrawing persons from the other lines, it leaves more employment among them; as well as tends to produce better prices for them. It thus adds both to private and national wealth. On the other hand, he affirms, that to diminish this employment is to diminish the average quantum of employment in the nation, and to depress prices, and consequently has the same tendency to impoverish the community as this diminution of employment in any other line. For a recent example, the discharge of workmen from the dock-yards at Chatham, Sheerness, &c. and, of course, turning them over to the other lines, according to this doctrine, tends to lessen the average quantum of employment among the people, and, of course, to take away more from the nation on the one hand than it gains on the other. In short, it diminishes the demand, while it augments the supply.

Statistics admit of a great many subdivisions; but they are naturally divisible into five grand topics—population, employment, price, the production of income and wealth, and the exchanging medium or money: into all these the author enters minutely, and if our limits would have permitted, we would willingly have followed him into their examination.

On the great question of Population, we can only point our readers to Mr. Lowe's consideration, in opposition to Mr. Malthus, of the prospects of improvement founded on the increasing law of nature. "We proceed to investigate the subject at some length," says he, "in the hope of finding, not only a confirmation of the consoling and cheering doctrine of Mr. Gray, but of being enabled to go a step further, and discover, in the prospect of an increase of our numbers, a source of relief from our financial embarrassment." (p. 207.)

On the subject of money, we have not room to enter. We refer our readers to Chapter IV. on "Currency and Exchange since 1792;" and Chap. IX. on the "Fluctuations in the Value of Money," where they will find much useful information, but with some mixture of theoretical fancy. Mr. L. expresses himself as if he were neither a bullionist nor an anti-bullionist. But he is more of the latter, or the mere moneyist, than the former.

Upon this point we shall merely observe, leaving the deductions to common sense, that at this moment, with an unusually low price of gold, the manufacturer's prices are rising, while the farmer's are falling. And to us the reason seems obvious:—because the demand for gold is rather lower than the supply: the supply of corn and meal is in the same predicament; while the demand for the manufacturer's commodities is fully equal to the supply, and rather heads it. The case was quite reversed in 1812 and 1813. The price of gold was unusually high: so was that of the farmer's produce, while the price of the manufacturer's produce was

unusually depressed. And why? Because there was an unusual demand for gold. The demand for corn outran the supply; while, from the circumstances of the foreign markets, the supply of the manufacturer's productions was greatly beyond the demand.

We have no room to enter on Mr. L's "plan for giving a steady value to money contracts," (p. 276, &c.) It has of late become a somewhat fashionable notion, that the legislature should remedy the inconveniences arising from the operation of a fall in prices on time contracts, or prices which are fixed by covenant. We conceive that all legislative interference with these would do more harm than good. In attempting to get rid of some evils, they would introduce many, and those of a worse sort. These fixed prices, though they may occasion inconveniences, are the means which nature has adopted to give a greater steadiness to price in general, and to diminish those evils which spring from great and sudden falls and rises. It is much safer to leave individuals themselves to remedy the evils arising occasionally from fixed prices in the best way they can.

But if we proceed at this rate we shall get into the vortex of political economy, and be whirled round about with other combatants in that fluctuating and boiling arena. Which to avoid, we must conclude with a few very brief notes on Mr. Lowe's work.

Some of his remarks, under the title of the "Proportion of our Burdens to our Resources," (p. 37,) appear to us questionable; and the mode of computing the taxable income of Great Britain, from 1792 to 1814, seems also doubtful.

The author should have given us an index, which is particularly necessary in a work containing such a mass of facts on such a variety of topics; but altogether his work is of real value to the statistician, both from the intelligence contained in it, and from its candid and ingenious reasoning. He is a powerful auxiliary on the side of the Productive System, which this year can not only quote in its favour two great statistical speeches delivered in Parliament (Lord Londonderry on the State of the Country, and Lord Liverpool on the Agricultural Distress,) but also the incidental support of the author of Waverley, who, in the introductory epistle to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, has thus *statisticalised*, like a Productive of the first class—"I do say it, in spite of Adam Smith and his followers, that a successful author is a productive labourer, and that his works constitute as effectual a part of the public wealth, as that which is created by any other manufacture. If a new commodity, having an actually intrinsic and commercial value, be the result of the operation, why are the author's sales of books to be esteemed a less profitable part of the public stock than the goods of any other manufacturer," &c. Who, belonging to the Productive School, could better have supported its fundamental doctrine?

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

An Essay on the Satyricon, attributed to Petronius Arbitr.

FATHER HARDOUN, a celebrated French Jesuit, who wrote upon critical and philological subjects at the end of the seventeenth century, and at the beginning of the eighteenth, used to indulge himself, at times, in the most

fanciful eccentricity of opinions. Systems and hypotheses of all descriptions danced constantly, in rapid succession, before the eyes of his mind, and his extensive reading, accompanied by a lively imagination, gave substance and colouring to the extraordinary fantasies of his fruitful imagination. He held out, for instance, that most of what we call "Greek and Roman classics," were not of the era assigned to them, but the works of some Italian or Dalmatian monks, composed during the dark ages, and foisted, at the renovation of literature, upon the too eager credulity of the world, just awakening from its long and heavy slumbers. One of his pupils, a novice in the society, made bold one day to observe to him, that his thoughts were generally out of the common tract, his hypotheses not defensible, and his arguments sophistical. And indeed the plain matter-of-fact student took his deeply-learned professor for a downright and sworn madman. The answer of good Hardoun was: "Do you suppose, my young friend, that I get up every morning at three o'clock to think as the common herd of people do?" *Pour penser comme tout le monde?*

As I do not, I verily confess, leave my pillow every day so early as the indefatigable son of Loyola really and cheerfully did, I cannot, in spite of my innate wish, extravagance quite so far from the steady center of what is, or ought to be, called, positive sense. Yet, I have retained from my earliest days a sort of pruriency for throwing my legs out the common way, to jump, if I can, clear over the hedge; in which boyish and bold attempts I have been seldom if ever seriously scratched by the critic's bramble, or stung by his nettles. Fair meaning and good humour go very far in literary matters. Owing to this aforementioned propensity to ramble sometimes beside the "king's highway," I have often dared to doubt many things which "laurel browed" *Literati, Dilettanti, Savans, connoisseurs, amateurs, &c.* had taken for undubitable upon the awful *ipse dixit* of others. I never swear *in verba magistri*. If I am wrong, the error is originally my own, and not of secondhand.

The subject I have now under consideration is the *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbitr—a work, or rather the fragments of a work, which, perhaps, had been better entirely lost than partly preserved; since, [with the exception of a few unobjectionable passages, the Poem upon the civil wars, the Anecdote of the malleable glass-maker, the well-told story of the Matron of Ephesus] the whole is polluted with the grossest impudence and most barefaced obscenity. For many years the "Satyricon" remained incomplete, till the work was made entire by the accidental addition of several curious fragments of the same stuff, which fill the *lacune*, and are supposed to have been found at Belgrade in 1688. I hold in my hand a copy of the edition with this title:

'*Titii Petronii Arbitri, Equitis Romani, Satyricon, cum fragmentis Albar Græce recuperatis 1688, nunc demum integrum. Londini. Typis A. & J. Churchhill, in Paternoster-row. M.DCCXCI.*'

The discovery of these new fragments is stated in a Latin letter, dated Strasbourg 1690, addressed by Fr. Nolot to Mr. Charpentier, president of the French Academy; and carries with itself so much of the romantic and marvellous, that every one may be allowed to question their authenticity without the least fear of being stigmatized with the ap-

pellation of "incredible," or found guilty of supercilious scepticism. Yet, if they are not genuine, it cannot be denied that the author has most happily identified his own style with that of the old fragments known long before this pretended discovery, and of which *Petronius Arbitr*, at the court of Nero, was supposed to be the author. But here lies the difficulty.

In the first place, the *prænomens* of Petronius is Caius, according to Tacitus (Ann. lib. xvi.) and in Pliny we find Titus, which has ever since been prefixed to the author of the "Satyricon." That giant in criticism, Justus Lipsius, plainly confesses, in his commentary upon the Annals, that he is so puzzled about the matter that he hardly dares to offer a decided opinion. On the other hand, the character of C. Petronius, as drawn by Tacitus, (who, by the by, is no gospel to me, since he wrote after the tittle-tattle and the "chronique scandaleuse" of days which were gone by,) does not satisfactorily agree with the opinion which ought to be held concerning the author, whoever he may be, of the Satyricon. In the faithful translation published by Gillyflower, 3 vols. 8vo., and dedicated to the Earl of Denbigh, Viscount Fielding, &c. &c. said to be the work of Dryden, and Sir Roger Lestrang; * the reader will find what statement Tacitus gives of his C. Petronius.

Ann. B. xvi. ch. 17. "Within a few days Annæus Mella, Cerealis Amicus, Rufus Crispinus and C. Petronius fell, &c."

Ch. 18. Of the abovementioned C. Petronius, I have a few things more to say: He spent the Day in Sleep, the Night in Business and Pleasures; as Industry other men, so Sloth had made him remarkable; he was esteemed not a Debauchee and profligate Person as most that so waste their fortunes, but of a polite Intemperance. His Words and Actions the freer they were, and the more they betray'd a certain unaffected easiness, peculiar to him, the more acceptable they were for their seeming Simplicity: yet when he was made Pro-Consul of Bithynia, and afterwards Consul, he behaved himself worthy of his Employments: After which, returning to his Vices, or rather to the Imitation of Vice, he was receiv'd among the few familiar Friends of Nero, as the only Judge of Delicacy (*Elegantie Arbitr*;) for he esteemed nothing Elegant or Pleasing in his Luxury but what Petronius had first approv'd; whence arose Tigellinus's Envy to him as his Rival and one more exquisite in the Taste of Pleasures: Tigellinus therefore work'd on his Credulity, which was the predominant Passion of the Prince; and corrupting a Slave to accuse him of a friendship with *Senecius*; he hereby took from him all means of Defense, imprisoning the greater part of his Family.

Chap. 19. *Cæsar* hapned at that time to be at *Campania* and *Petronius* having got as far as *Cuma*, was there retain'd: And tho' from that time he neither fear'd nor hop'd, yet did not rashly dispatch himself; but having cut his Veins, he stop'd as he pleased, open'd 'em again, still discoursing with his Friends, not seriously or to purchase the Glory of Fortitude: He did not entertain himself with Lectures of the Immortality of the Soul,† or Disputes of Philosophers, but with light Songs and easy Verse: of his Servants he made some free, and punished others: he

* I give it with its quaint style, spelling, and punctuation.

† Alluding to Socrates, with a sneer.

sometimes walked abroad, indulging Sleep, that tho' constrain'd it might seem a casual Death: nor in his Will, as most Men; did he flatter Nero, Tigellinus, or any other; § but display'd the Prince's Infamy under the Names of Women and *Exoletum* and sealing it up sent it to Nero; but broke the Seal, (*fragitque Annulum*) lest it might afterwards be made use of to the Prejudice of others. (*Ne mos uni esset ad faciendum periculum.*)

How far this fully displayed character of the C. Petronius of Tacitus can apply to the Titus Petronius, the supposed author of the "Satyricon," is the point under discussion. C. Petronius, it is true, is represented by the Annalist, as a listless, slothful, idle, man; a man who loves to lead a life of comfort and ease; and, floating slowly on the smooth and unrippled stream of his days, accommodates himself to present circumstances; and whose dominant passion was less to be pleased than to please. But he was not "a debauchee, or prodigal person;" only a gentleman of "polite intemperance," *eruditio luxu*, a man of a most distinguished taste and discernment in all the branches of virtue. He could leave aside, as one does his great coat or his hat, according to accidents, his laxity of habits, and boldly sit a worthy magistrate during his proconsulship in Bithynia, and his consulship at Rome. He was a nobleman of exquisite feeling and nicety, *scientia voluptatum*, and much above the coarser talents of that vile wretch Tigellinus,* as a superintendent of the "mœn-plaisirs," (public entertainments) under the Emperor. The baseness and cowardly servility of those reptiles, who fawned and crouched at the feet of the monster Nero, not only during their opprobrious lives, but, as to perpetuate their infamy, even in their wills and codicils, could not form any part of the character of C. Petronius. He boldly sketched the Emperor's features in one of his last writings, and sent it up to him as a faithful mirror of Nero's abominable life. Supposing, for a few minutes, that our gossiping historian, Tacitus, was right and well informed as to what he stated concerning this, viz. that Petronius directed the "Satyricon," this *ipso facto* libel, to be forwarded to the then omnipotent son of Agrippina, to the murderer of thousands, to the most irritable snake that ever crept in a human shape, in one word—to a Nero; supposing also, for the sake of argument, that this MSS. was of so momentous an import, that, after he had wrote it, the author, who "fear'd nor hop'd" aught from the tyrant, broke the ring with which he had sealed it, is it credible, is it probable that Nero should have suffered it to be kept, to be copied, or made public?—No—He who sang, on the terrace of his Palace, his metrical stuff, when Imperial Rome was burning, would have ordered immediately to the flames the accusing, and reproaching leaves of the volume; and the "Satyricon," either complete or in frag-

ments, would never have reached the preying eyes of credulous posterity. I must, therefore, draw this conclusion, *videlicet*, that the C. Petronius of Tacitus, the elegant *Arbiter*, the worthy Proconsul of Bithynia, the man of consummate refinement, *eruditio luxu*, was not the Titus Petronius, said to be the author of that filthy rhapsody entitled "Satyricon."

This small composition, considered as to its bulk, but great as to its baseness, villany, and depravity, of which the feast given by Trimalcion constitutes one of the most prominent parts, does not identify Nero more especially than any other debauchee of that period, or of latter times. The wretches who make up the *dramatis persone* of this sort of romance (a species of writing, if I am not egregiously mistaken, most posterior to the age of Nero, and of which Apuleius appears to be the first and most conspicuous inventor, and whom very few imitated during the intermediate ages, down to the *Argenis* of Barclay)—these vile wretches are but thieves and pickpockets, jails' birds, *Tom and Jerries*, and the dregs of society—pilfering where they can, cheating as occasion occurs, and boasting of their nasty tricks, as the general of an army would pride himself of his tactical knowledge. Besides, the descriptions, delineations, and portraits of these most disgusting adventurers, are written so glowingly, so exultingly, so much *con amore*, that it is most evident the author depicted no other but himself and his detestable accomplices. *Encolpius*, the narrator and principal hero of the disgusting tale, bears, as I said above, no exclusive resemblance to Nero—and although the Porphyrogenous son of Agrippina was a beast, he was not of the same hoof with the low rascal who speaks all through of himself in the "Satyricon," and shamelessly exposes and extols his conscious turpitude.

It may be observed, that if Nero was intentionally represented in this romance, the veil which covered his undeniable infamy, appears so cloudy, so thick, that it seems most improbable he ever should have known himself as drawn after life in the mysterious picture—consequently, there existed in this case no sort of necessity for sending it to the Emperor, and much less cause for the writer's breaking his ring and seal.

If the C. Petronius of Tacitus is identically the same as the T. Petronius of Pliny, we find here a man of much higher and deeper vengeance, a stern enemy to the ruling tyrant, and indulging in a passive enjoyment of well-founded hatred. Pliny says, B. 37, ch. 11:—"Titus Petronius consularis moriturus, invidia Neronis principis, ut mensam ejus exheredaret, Trullam Murthinam, CCC. HS. emptam, fregit."—Which Philemon Holland translates thus:—"Titus Petronius, late Consul of Rome, when he lay at the point of death, called for a faire broad-mouthed Cup of Cassidone—which had cost him before time three hundred thousand sesterces, and presently broke it in pieces in Hatred and Despight of Nero, for fear lest the same Prince might have seized upon it after his (Petronius) disease, and therewith furnished his own board."*

* The value of this famous cup is reckoned by some commentators at the enormous price of 2,421*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* We hardly know what *Myrrhina* means in ancient writers. It appears to have been a species of cassidony, or chalcedony, bearing, in colour more than in substance, some resemblance to the gum called *Myrrh*: it is of a

The prænomén Titus is also adopted by Plutarch and other writers. There is, therefore, as the reader must have already perceived, a most inextricable confusion as to the identity of Caius and Titus Petronius—from which he must needs ultimately conclude, with me, that it is almost impossible to decide to what individual the "Satyricon" is to be ascribed.

Upon the whole, my inference truly is, that from the passage in Tacitus and the anecdote in Pliny, some obscure, and half famished, scribbler built his dirty plan, and foisted his spurious stuff upon the public, under the name of an imaginary Petronius. But when did this happen? Not likely before the seventh or eighth century, and perhaps nearer to the restoration of learning than we may be aware of. This is, *primò facie*, a mere hypothesis; but when a man sets aside the authority, or opinions of others, and uses his own reason, he should fairly bring out his vouchers for doing so. The following philological observations may substantiate my idea on the subject, to the satisfaction of many of your classical and numerous readers.

Petronius is styled by some commentators, an author *purissime impuritalis*, on account of his style having been esteemed as a specimen of the "purest latinity." But in this, I am persuaded, lies an egregious error in judgment. How can we call "pure Latinity" words which were never used but by the author who must have been the first coiner of them? It is an erroneous idea also that all the vocables in Plautus and Terence are of sterling Latinity. These comic writers adopted, as our Shakespeare and other dramatists did, the *slang* dialect of some of their lower interlocutors; but they did not present them as the language of the Patricians, or high-bred and fashionable people, at the time when they wrote; and all the ingenuity, labour, and deep learning of Scaliger, Gronovius, Meursius, &c. shall never be able to work upon me the persuasion that the author was, as Littleton translates the antithetical encomium, (Dict. Lond. 1678—ten years before the discovery of the New Fragments) "a writer of impure stuff in pure Latin." A few instances, among many, will contenance the apparent boldness of my assertion. The pages referred to are those of the edition whose title is given above. O. F. means "old fragments"—N. F. the new ones.

very hard nature, and in the difficulty of carving it probably originated the name of *Scoria ferri*, as it is also called by some geologists. There is at Fonthill Abbey, among numerous works of virtue, a drinking cup of that sort of stone, which I hold undoubtedly to be of Asiatic and most ancient workmanship, perhaps the age of Mithridates, or of Zenobia. Scooped out of a considerable piece of cassidony, or semitransparent and fantastically variegated onyx, it is adorned outside with mascarons and interwoven branches of vine; and reminds me forcibly of the *Trulla* which T. Petronius broke before his death; the value I esteem to be very great. Juvenal, Sat. vi. 156, mentions the *Myrrhina* which deluded commentators have mistaken for *Porcellana Sinica*, "Porcelaine de la Chine," or crystal, although Pliny and Juvenal, Loc. cit. clearly show that they are not of the same nature. The *Dendrachates*, or *Achates arborescens* of other mineralogists, has not a better chance; as for myself, I consider *Myrrhina* *vasa* to have been made of a species of onyx; (horny) *onyx Myrrheus*,—annealed and hardened by the transitory flash of an accidental manifestation of electric fluid in the grand subterraneous laboratory of elemental nature.

1 Quod plerique pereuntium, as did many who were prevailed upon by the insinuations of the Tyrant to kill themselves.

2 Aut quem alium potentium, (Tacit.) "who were powerful at the court."

3 Lest the seal should be used by others to contenance some other libels against Nero. This appears to me the real meaning; but the passage, if unadulterated in the MSS., is very obscure.

* Pone Tigellinum; Tadd tuesbis in illd, Quod statim ordit, &c. Juv. Sat. i. 155. See also Sect. Galb. 15. And, Tacit. Ann. xv. 35.

P. 17. N. F. 137. O. F.—I find in both places the barbarous word *Secutuleia*, a waiting-maid—where *pedisequa* (a word used by the authors of the golden era of Latinity, Plautus, Terence, Cicero, &c.) would have answered the same purpose, as fully expressing the same meaning. *Secutuleia*, originating in *Sequitur*—part. *Secutus*, appears to be of a modern sort of coinage, when compared to the manner of composing or deriving words in the Augustan age. Here we cannot apply the verdict of Horace, art. Poet.

— licuit semper que licebit

Signatum præsentem nota producere nomen.

40. O. F. *Ballenarium tenens virgam*—a whalebone stick, from *Balæna*, a whale—"une canne de Baleine," Fr. The word is not to be found in Latin writers previously to the supposed age of the "Satyricon." The *Balæna* (φάλανα) is mentioned in Juvenal, Sat. 10. 14.

Quanto Delphinis Balæna Britannica major.

But *Ballenarius*, a, um, is the pseudo-Petronius's own word.

54. O. F. *Bissacium*—Petronius's own—from "Bissac" and "Besace," Fr. for a double sack or bag; a wallet.

57. O. F. n. pl. *Pittaciæ*, Labels—Petronius's own in that sense.

61. } O. F. *In ruta folium conjiciet*—a sort
96. } of proverb not mentioned anywhere but in the "Satyricon."

65. N. F. *Martellum*, a hammer, for *Malleolum*—"Martel," old French—Vernacular "Marteau." *Martellum* is not Latin.

102. O. F. *Sudor mihi per bifurcum colabat*. *Bifurcum* is not Latin as a substantive; nor *colabat*, in the meaning of the text—"La sueur me couloit entre les cuisses," the division of the human body into the two thighs, is called *bifurcation*, and sometimes in French, "La fourche." But is it possible that the author should have used *colare* for "couler," Fr.? Or does the French *couler* come from *colare*, to strain through, to purge? *Colare* is an act. verb—"couler" is neuter.

107. O. F. *Bucca*, *Bucca*, *quot sunt hic*? Buck, Buck, how many horns?—At the dinner given by Trimalchio, (so called in the O. F., where as the N. F. spell the name *Trimalchio*—a circumstance worthy of notice,) a boy jumps upon his back, and lifting up some of his fingers, exclaims, *Bucca*, *Bucca*, *quot sunt hic*? In the first place, *Bucca* was never used in Latin for the horned animal called "a buck;" and consequently it must have been borrowed from the Gallic or Celtic tongue spoken at that time. But in the second place, is it probable that this game, or trick, so often played by boys at this moment, should have glided down to posterity without any alteration? This puzzles me; but it works with great power in my mind in favour of my above-stated hypothesis. If it is true that the boyish game, as we witness it, "Buck, Buck, how many horns," was in vogue under the reign of Nero, we have a right to suppose that it was so in other parts of the world long before the existence of Rome, and might have been a sort of pastime in Noah's ark. This passage in the work is one of the best proofs of the spuriousness of the whole.

124. O. F. *Vale*, *gai*. *Ave*, *gai*—sound very much like the burthen of old French songs: "O gay, lanlère, O gay!" Was this also borrowed from the Celtic? This word has not been noticed in any of the Dictionaries I have at hand.

127. O. F. *Arci sellium*—Petronius's own—mentioned nowhere else. Does it mean a saddle? "Arçon de selle," derived from "Arc," a bow—a saddle-bow?

142. N. F. *Visus ego seni ingenuus me solari cepit*. Not grammatical Latin. The phrase is barbarously bad.

168. O. F. *Scabitudinem*—Petronius's own—a very shabby expression.

212. O. F. *Nec contentus maledictis, tollebat subinde altius pedem, et strepitum obscuro simul atque odore viam implebat*. This is filthy with a vengeance. Could the polite proconsul of Bithynia, the consul of Rome, Petronius, have written such filthy stuff? No—certainly no.

251. *Et me jubet catargogare*. Gronovius, that indefatigable steer at the plough in the fields of Commentaries, sweats and puffs to explain the sense of this barbarous word, found nowhere except in the "Satyricon;" but he cannot turn up the clod. My opinion is, that *catargogare*, or rather *catargogari*, in the passive voice, means some punishment not unlike that of being whipped with a cat o' nine tails; for, in the next paragraph we find, in my copy, N. F. 252. *Ego vero curatus vibicibus*—in anterior editions, *pensatis*—"Ayant pausé mes plaies;" which is a proof that a *catargogation* was synonymous for a smart flogging. The spurious author of the new fragments, finding the word *Pensatis* unexplained by antecedent commentators, and smelling too strong of modernity, changed it into *curatus*.

Ibid. *Quasillarias*. Not to be found anywhere else.

275. O. F. *Clotellum*—Petronius's own—not found in Latin authors previous to, or after, the age of Nero. Should be, perhaps, *claustellum*, from *claustrum*. The meaning is, or seems to be, affectedly obscure.

277. O. F. } *Levator*. One who lifts up. In
280. N. F. } the "Satyricon" it means a "shop-lifter;" but is found no where else with that meaning. In both instances it is coupled with the substantive *planus*, a cheat, a rogue, a vagrant; which is good Latinity, and originates from the Greek πλανη, error.

But I feel much afraid lest this multiplicity of examples should grow tiresome to the reader; and, though I might bring a hundred more, I am persuaded that the above-mentioned ones will prove quite sufficient to show that neither the old or new fragments of the "Satyricon" ought to be attributed to either C. or T. Petronius, and that the whole is a spurious composition—a most scandalous colluvies of all that is filthy and abominable, gathered up in MSS. long after the Augustan age. But the long paralyzed Genius of investigation and learning awakening, after several centuries, from a death-like sleep, became at once so hungry, that when rising from his leaden pillow, he swallowed any food indiscriminately; and, although I am not so bold as Father Hardouin, I am still fully persuaded that all we read in the Classics is not indisputably authentic.

I remain, Mr. Editor, &c. &c. Z.

THE ADVENTURES OF A NEEDLE.

[Variety! Variety! Such is the cry we hear from all advisers; for, notwithstanding the endless variety of our columns, invention is taxed for new features. A little more original matter, says an Original; a little more poetry, inquires a pseudo Bard; why don't you put love songs in every Number from seventeen boarding-schools in the vicinity of the metropolis where the air is fine and the Teachers finer; "more extracts" we fancy from our anonymous Perfumery, Apothecary, and Dentist friends; "more mathema-

tics," and "more fine arts," equally from crabbéd Geometricians and lively Painters! To please you all (or not, as it may be) take the following Story, which, we believe, will hereafter make one in a volume by the same hand which sketched The Cat and her Kittens, in a former Lit. Gazette.]

ADVENTURES, ETC.

THE leisure that I at present enjoy in the snug retreat of a green satin housewife, induces me to give the history of my adventures to the world. It was in the month of October, in the year —, that I and some thousands of my fellows were sent from the manufactory of —, to one of the first shops in the famous city of London, where we doubted not but our useful qualities would be properly appreciated: in this, however, we were greatly disappointed; for it happened that a manufacturer had procured a Patent for some fine gold and silver eyed Needles, which were weekly puffed off in the newspapers, with a long list of their perfections. They were upheld neither to cut in the eye nor to become blunt at the point, and, in the end, I believe, were warranted to work of themselves; but of this I will not be positive. The fame of these wonderful performers kept us for months without seeing the light, as nobody thought of purchasing any other than the newly advertised sort, and we began to fear that we should perish in rust without ever being of use; when one day a lady came into the shop, and, after purchasing several articles, desired to see some Needles: She said she had heard much of the Patent ones, and inquired if they were as good as they were reported to be. The master of the shop, without answering the question respecting them, pulled out the drawer in which we were kept, and immediately producing us, assured the lady that whatever might be said about the newly invented Needles, if she wanted such as might be useful, he would recommend Us as some of the best that had ever been made. He went on describing our several good qualities; said we were equally fit for heavy and light work, being as strong as the Whitechapel Needles, and not so clumsy. I own I was almost ashamed to hear myself so praised, especially by one who knew nothing about the matter; but still thought it kind in him to endeavour to raise humble merit, and quell the pride of the gold and silver eyed upstarts. This, however, was not exactly the case, for no sooner had he secured the sale of us, than, before the lady, who was now leaving the shop, could reach the door, he whipped out another drawer, and begged she would allow him to show her the Patent ones. The lady said she would look at them, just out of curiosity, but should not buy any, as those she had already purchased were so good. The shopkeeper, however, had determined otherwise; and now, like any lawyer, began to turn about. He said it was very true, nothing could be better than those she had bought: still he would recommend her to try the others; every body approved of them; they were a remarkable invention. In short, after declaring that we were the best, he now endeavoured to prove that these were still better; and it appeared that what we thought a generous wish to raise us into notice, was nothing but a contrivance to get us off his hands. The lady accordingly took some of our rivals, and now left the shop with her purchase. We were highly pleased with falling to the care of so respectable a

person, and on our way made various conjectures upon our future destination—as to what kind of work we should be set about—whether the lady wore spectacles—and whether we were for her especial use, or for that of any other person.

By this time our mistress arrived at home; where the first thing she did was to dispose of us in a richly embroidered Needle-case, which, along with a new thimble and scissors, was deposited in a fine work-bag. I now began to suspect that we were intended to make part of a present: and this proved to be the case. A short time after, the Niece of the lady, a child, for whom the gift was intended, came to pay her Aunt a visit. The work-bag lying on the table, soon attracted the attention of the little girl, which her Aunt observing, said, "That is for you, Julia; knowing you to be fond of work, and a very good needle-woman, I made this little purchase, which I hope you will like." The young lady received the present with much gratitude, and was greatly delighted. She opened and examined it a dozen times in less than an hour; but I was rather mortified to see that she admired the bag much more than its contents. The only remark she made upon us was, "How very neatly you have arranged these Needles, Aunt; it would be quite a pity to disturb them." "I hope you will not think so, my dear," replied her Aunt, "as that was not my intention when I placed them there; they were recommended to me as being particularly good, and I hope you will prove them to be so." The young lady was then desired to play and sing, which she did with great readiness; and I thought if her fingers could manage a needle with as much dexterity as they did the keys of the instrument, we could not have fallen into better hands. After she had done playing, a walk was proposed, and we were left for the rest of the day. In the evening, the work-bag, along with a doll, was packed up, (this last being a present for her sister,) and Julia returned home in high spirits. The presents were displayed to the family: the rich work-bag was admired, the scissors and thimble came in for their share of applause, but we had again the mortification to be overlooked; and knowing our consequence, and that all the rest were of little use without us, we could not but wonder at the slight. The only person who seemed aware of our value, was the child for whom the doll had been bought. "What a stock of Needles!" cried she, "I wish they were mine: I think, Julia, you might give me your old housewife, now that you have got such a handsome new one." "Indeed (said Julia) I shall do no such thing; my Aunt has given you a new doll, and I think you ought to be satisfied." "You are a sad little miser," (said her mother;) "I was myself going to propose that you should give Emma your old one." "If I do, Mamma, the thread will be wasted and the Needles lost in less than a week: she never took care of any thing in her life; however, if you desire it, I will give it her." "No, (replied her Mother,) I do not desire that you should give any thing away grudgingly; so say no more about it, nor let your Aunt's kindness become a matter of contention." Julia looked very sullen, but made no answer; so here the subject dropped. I soon found what her mother had said was true; my young mistress had a great deal of the miser in her disposition. All her play-

things were kept locked up, and nobody indulged with more than a sight of them.

Months had now passed away, and there appeared as little probability of my coming into use as if I had remained in the shop; when I found myself very unexpectedly released. One day her little sister being in want of a Needle, having lost one and broken another, thought it would be in vain to apply to Julia for a third; and happening to come into the room, saw the drawer, in which the bag was kept, left open. The opportunity of helping herself was not to be resisted. This was very wrong; but I must do her the justice to say that she intended to replace the Needle when she had done with it. No sooner had she opened the thread-case, than I guessed my fate, as I happened to be the first on the row; I trembled at falling into the possession of one so careless, thinking how soon she might lose me. My fears were presently realized. She had just drawn me from my station, and before she could secure me in a convenient place, her sister's foot was heard upon the stairs. In Emma's hurry to fold up the thread-case, I was dropped in the crevice of the boards! Julia coming in at this moment, and seeing her sister's confusion, instantly imagined the cause, and accused her of having been at the drawer. The little girl told the truth directly, begged her sister not to be angry, said she had not hurt any thing, had only taken one Needle, which she would return to her. Knowing Julia's mercenary disposition, I was in hopes of being sought for; but here again I was mistaken, for, finding the bag and all belonging to it in proper order, she told Emma she did not mind a Needle, but observed she should take good care in future not to leave her drawer open. They then left the room, and nothing could be more hopeless than my situation. All my prospects seemed closed at once, as it was more than probable that the crevice in which I lay would be filled up with dust, and I should be buried for ever.

Though it had not been through any fault of my own that this misfortune had overtaken me, I could not help reproaching myself for my former discontent. A few hours before, I should have thought any change agreeable; now the greatest happiness I could imagine was to be once more secure in the needle-case. I began to be hopeless of attracting regard; when, as the servant was sweeping the room one morning, her keen eye discovered me. It is needless to describe the joy I felt on seeing her stoop to pick me up; but this was not so easy as either she or I imagined. The first attempt she made to lay hold of me, pushed me as far again into the terrible abyss; the next trial plunged me so deep, that nothing but my eye appeared. What I suffered between hope and fear, it is impossible to tell; for I expected every moment the girl's patience would be exhausted, and that she would leave me to my fate; luckily, however, the more the difficulty increased, the more she seemed determined to conquer it; and at last was clever enough to think of taking a pin to her assistance, with which in an instant she drew me up! I felt assured, from the pains she had taken to obtain me, that I should be properly valued by her; but to my surprise, after trying my point, and looking through my eye to see that I was perfect, she stuck me so carelessly on the side of her gown, that I was in the utmost danger of again being lost; nor

was I released from this jeopardy till night, when Mary, (for that was the servant's name,) undressed herself to go to bed, and finding me still sticking in her gown, took the trouble to quilt me into a pin-cushion, for which I was most grateful, as, after being in such imminent danger, any place where I could be safe seemed eligible. I was, however, soon tired of being kept in her pocket along with halfpence, an old knife, and a brass thimble; and indeed my companions in the pin-cushion were far from being agreeable to one who had been used to better society, for they were composed of crooked pins and a couple of vulgar worsted needles. I found, too, there was but little chance of my being made use of; for Mary had scarcely any leisure for needle-work. Many times when she was about to take me out for some trifling purpose, such as fastening a string to her apron, or tacking a bow on her cap, an officious pin obtruded its service, which was always accepted instead of mine. Now, though I would not depreciate the value of any thing, and know that on some occasions pins may be useful, yet I must say, in general, that they are thought too much of: I have been often provoked to hear the ridiculous exclamations of people, "I would give the world for a pin!" or, "What shall I do for want of a pin!" and then, in this terrible distress, if any one should be kind enough to offer such a rarity, it is received with as much gratitude as if it were a pearl, when it is well known to be worth scarce the sixteenth part of a farthing. I am convinced that the use of pins often makes people idle and untidy, when, for the saving of what they call trouble, they have recourse to the temporary expedient of fastening with pins that which ought to be sewed. It is well known also how mischievous they are to children, scratching and tearing them on all occasions; indeed, I cannot see why some contrivance might not be found to do without them altogether.

But to return to my story: Having now for some weeks been buried in Mary's pocket, I began to lose all hope of quitting it; when one night that she was sitting up later than usual (waiting the return of her master and mistress from the Opera,) by the light of a blinking candle I made my first attempt at work. Mary had been dozing over the fire a good while before it occurred to her that she could make any better use of her time; but hearing the clock strike, and knowing it would be near two hours before the family returned, she set courageously to work, stirred the fire, snuffed the candle, and got her working materials together. She then began to turn over a parcel of stockings that wanted mending. Trembling at the idea of the thick cotton I must carry if she used me to darn them, I thought it would be very hard if my first employment should be so little befitting me. After scanning the stockings, which she did not seem much inclined to attack, she dived her hand again into her work-bag, and pulled out a piece of muslin. Hesitating for some time what she should do, the love of finery prevailed, the stockings were tumbled again into the bag, and to my great satisfaction I was employed to hem the muslin. Mary was a quick worker; I was new and glib; so we completed a frill before the return of her master and mistress.

Another long interval of time elapsed before my services were again required. At length some caps being in request, for the

making of which Mary found she had not sufficient time, I was sent, together with proper instructions, to her sister, a little girl at school. Arrived there, my young mistress, presuming to say I was too thick for her use, took the liberty of exchanging me with one of her schoolfellows. This I considered a great affront; but my good-humour was restored by my new possessor, who seemed to have a proper sense of my value, declaring I was the best Needle she had ever used. Lucy Lustre was working a large sampler, for which I just suited her purpose, and from the care she took to quilt me in her housewife when she had done stitching, I felt assured I should have the pleasure of finishing what I had begun. For some time we went on to our mutual satisfaction. There was a fine strawberry-border all round the sampler; the alphabet, in various stitches, preceded the appropriate verse; and having come to the middle, there was a long consultation whether it should be filled up by Noah's Ark or an orange-tree. The latter was agreed upon, as it could be done the soonest, for Lucy was anxious to see her work completed. Accordingly a fine large tree was placed in the centre. My young mistress had worked very hard for two days to get it done, and it was finished all but the oranges, when a difficulty arose of which she had not thought: this was no other than the want of orange-coloured silk. How Lucy came to forget such a thing I am at a loss to imagine; but so it was. No colours nearer than scarlet and pale yellow presented themselves. All her schoolfellows rosted their bags, but in vain; every colour came to hand save the one in request; and the determination was to finish it out of hand. One advised her to hang lemons on the tree, but this did not suit her ideas—they were not fit to eat. Another proposed red silk, and then they would be cherries; this was esteemed a bright thought, and adopted accordingly. The work was going on well, when one of the young critics found out that for cherries they would be of an enormous size. This objection had not occurred to Lucy, who began to fret; when the little girl who had first suggested the plan, now observed, it was of very little consequence, for no person who was fond of cherries would object to their being as large as oranges, and thus the obstacle was removed. And that things might bear a proportion to each other, a bird of paradise, as large as an eagle, was perched on one of the branches.

The sampler being more than two-thirds done, my anticipation of the admiration it would excite, and the share of praise I should have in the performance, was most untowardly checked by perceiving that Lucy grew weary of her task. The frequent exclamations of—how tired she was! and how glad she should be when it was done! were certainly very mortifying to me; still I had not the least idea that after so much pains bestowed, she would leave it unfinished; but to my great surprise, one morning, instead of pursuing her work, she carefully papered up the sampler, and put it away! Her companions asked her if she did not mean to finish it. "Oh yes," (said Lucy) I shall finish it some time or other; but I am going to net a purse—that is such pleasant work, I think I shall never be tired of it." Having declared the same when she began her sampler, I expected her schoolfellows would have reproached her fickleness; but I found they were

all of the same mind—purse-making had become the favourite employment.

(To be concluded next week.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Eruption of a Volcano in Iceland.—(Extract of a letter from Dr. Stephenson, Counsellor of Conferences; dated Lestrum, the 6th of July 1822.)—"The subterranean fire in Oefelds Iökelen (an Iceberg) has burned constantly since the 20th of December 1821. The ashes which it threw up caused in the beginning considerable damage to the environs; but a heavy rain and favourable winds cleared the country of them. After this nothing remarkable occurred, except that the volcano threw out a quantity of water with considerable masses of ice; till, on the 26th of June, a new eruption ensued with redoubled fury, and probably from a new opening. Amid flashes of lightning, and thunder which was heard at the distance of fifteen German miles, the volcano again threw up ashes with extraordinary violence, and a north wind spread them over the country to a great distance. Owing to this circumstance we have the misfortune to see all the horned cattle in the island struggling with death. They wander about in distress, unable to eat the poisoned grass. To this may be added, that the sheep are affected by the subterranean fire, and even run into it, for their traces are found upon the glacier. The crater of the volcano is inaccessible, and constantly surrounded by a dense smoke. The last ashes which it threw out were very fine, yet no lava has issued from it. The constant damp weather in the spring has caused no diminution in the effects of the fire. The fish are all destroyed, and we look with despondency to a year of scarcity.—Hecla has hitherto been quiet."

LITERATURE, ETC.

DEGREES OF M.D. IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, 1822.

Nomina eorum qui Gradum Medicinæ Doctoris in Academia Jacobi Sexti Regis, quæ Edinburgi est, anno 1822, adepti sunt, cum titulis Dissertationum inauguralium.

Ricardus Abell, Hibernus. De Hygeis.—Jacobus Holder Alleyne, Barbadosensis. De Inflammatione longa Cerebri.—Jacobus Henricus Archer, Anglus. De Enteritide.—Gulielmus Belcher, Hibernus. De Febre Hectica.—Thomas Bishopp, Anglus. De Hernia Enterocæle Acuta.—Robertus Blackburn, Scotus. De Spina Carie.—Edvardus Blackmore, Anglus. De Sanguinis Detractione.—Michael Brody, Hibernus. De Dyspepsia.—Alexander Browne, Scotus. De Typho.—Josephus Buckley, Hibernus. De Typho.—Stephanus F. Carmichael, Ex Insula Sancti Vincenti. De Hepatitide Acuta.—Jacobus Carnie, Scotus. De Frigore et Calore.—Georgius Carr, Anglus. De Pneumonia.—Carolus C. Cheyne, Scotus. De Purpura.—Edmundus Johannes Clark, Anglus. De Phlegmasii Pulmonalibus.—Samuel Clater, Anglus. De Calorici Natura.—Johannes Clendining, Hibernus. De Hydrocephalo Acuto.—Fredericus Cobb, Anglus. De Rabie Canina.—Gulielmus T. Coleman, Anglus. De Vita et Morte.—Gulielmus H. Cock, Ex India Orientalibus. De Purpura Hemorrhagica.—Ja-

cobus Collins, Hibernus. De Phthisi Pulmonum.—Georgius Scott Coward, Jamaicensis. De Capitis Plagia.—Joannes Cox, Jamaicensis. De Maligna Testis Vitia.—Gulielmus Von Cronenberg, Ex India Occidentali. De Gonorrhœa Virulenta.—Petrus Cryan, Hibernus. De Pneumonia.—Joannes Birt Davies, Cambro-Britannus. De Cynanche Laryngea.—Michael Devereux, Hibernus. De Hepatitide Chronica.—Gulielmus Drayton, Barbadosensis. De Phthisi Pulmonali.—Gulielmus Drew, Hibernus. De Enteritide.—Gulielmus Dumbreck, Scotus. De Inflammatione Venarum.—Gulielmus Duncan, Hibernus. De Paralysi.—Joannes Edwards, Anglus. De Cynanche Tracheali.—Edvardus Basset Eve, Anglus. De Corde.—Georgius J. Everest, Anglus. De Cordis Aneurismate.—Johannes Fawcett, Hibernus. De Cholera Morbi, qualis præsertim in Orientis India erat, Causa Proxima atque Pathologia.—Thomas Fisher, Hibernus. De Insania.—Johannes Fitzgerald, Hibernus. De Dysenteria.—Joannes Freer, Anglus. De Sanguine Mittendo.—Ricardus Frith, Hibernus. De Peritonitide.—Carolus Dillon Fry, Hibernus. De Anasarca.—Joannes Furlonge, Ex Insula Mont-Serrat. De Cerebro Concusso.—Antonius Gapper, Anglus. De Pneumonia.—Jacobus Gregory, Scotus. De Gangrena Nosocomiale.—Joannes Griffith, Hibernus. De Apoplexia.—Thomas Harland, Anglus. De Aquis Mineralibus, et earum Usu in Medicina.—Gulielmus T. Haycraft Anglus. De Quibusdam Remediis Sedantibus.—Gulielmus Henderson, Scotus. De Pneumonia.—Samuel Hill, Anglus. De Syphilidis Curatione Antiphlogistica.—Joannes Hodson, Anglus. De Concoctione.—Johannes Huggins, Hibernus. De Diabete.—Russell P. Hughes, Hibernus. De Fabrica Oculi.—Gulielmus Jackson, Anglus. De Aëre Commune.—Joannes Henricus Jagoe, Hibernus. De Febre Hectica.—Alexander Jamieson, Scotus. De Concoctione Ciborum.—Georgius Gulielmus Johnston, Scotus. De Cholera Indica.—Gulielmus Johnston, Scotus. De Exercitatione.—Jacobus Kane, Anglus. De Concoctione Ciborum.—Ricardus Headlam Keenlyside, Anglus. De Dyspepsia.—Gulielmus Kerr, Ex India Orientali. De Ictero.—Ludovicus C. Kinchela, Hibernus. De Angina Pectoris.—Georgius Loane, Hibernus. De Tetano.—Patricius R. Lynch, Hibernus. De Hepatitide.—David Hastings Macadam, Hibernus. De Calculo Urinali.—Donaldus McIntosh, Scotus. De Vaccinia.—Georgius Murray MacLachlan, Scotus. De Dysenteria.—Alexander Fraser MacLachlan, Scotus. De Dysenteria.—Patricius M'Ternan, Hibernus. De Febre Flava.—Gulielmus Milligan, Hibernus. De Cholera Epidemica.—Robertus Lindsay Milligan, Americanus. De Potu Assimilando.—Alexander Morton, Scotus. De Febribus Epidemicis.—Henricus Newenham, Hibernus. De Erysipelate.—Gulielmus Thomas Nicholson, Ex Insula Nevis. De Cerebri Concoctione, atque Compressione.—Alexander Ogilvie, Scotus. De Uteri Inflammatione circa Partum.—Philippus O'Leary, Hibernus. De Apoplexia.—Joannes O'Regan, Hibernus. De Causis Febrium Epidemicarum.—Patricius O'Ryan, Hibernus. De Febre Continua.—Thomas Peacock, Scotus. De Dysenteria.—Georgius King Prince, Anglus. De Nova Ratione inter Morbos Pectoris discernendi.—O'Neil Quin, Hibernus. De Febre Continua quæ nuper in Hibernia grassata est.—Franciscus Henricus Ramsbotham, Anglus. De Hemorrhagica Uterina.—Andreas Ranken, Scotus. De Hydrophobia.—Jacobus Reid, Anglus. De Amaurosi.—Jacobus Russell, Barbadosensis. De Mania.—Thomas Russell, Scotus. De Scarlatina.—Matthæus Scholefield, Anglus. De Theoria Inflammationis.—David Scott, Scotus. De Respiratione.—Jacobus Sheils, Hibernus. De Phthisi Pulmonali.—Samuel M. Sherif, Ex Insula Antigua. De Febre Flava.—Joannes

Shirley, Scotus. De Principio Vitali.—Alexander Sinclair, Hibernus. De Dysenteria Tropica.—Gulielmus Sinclair, Hibernus. De Pneumonia.—Petrus Smithwick, Hibernus. De Hepatitide Acuta.—Gulielmus Henricus Stephenson, Anglus. De Hæmorrhæa Petechiali.—Jacobus Fredericus Steuart, Scotus. De Rabie.—Carolus D. Straker, Barbadosensis. De Phthisi Pulmonali.—Georgius Swaby, Jamaicensis. De Hydrope.—Ricardus Tate, Hibernus. De Tetano.—Herbertus Taylor, Anglus. De Cynanche Tracheali Inflammatoria.—Benjaminus Thomson, Hibernus. De Febrium Contagiosorum Natura et Curatione.—Edvardus Townsend, Hibernus. De Anæurismate.—Patricius Travers, Hibernus. De Apoplexia Sanguinea.—Samuel Tucker, Jamaicensis. De Urethra Stricturn.—Thomas Turnbull, Jamaicensis. De Inflammatione Hepatis Acuta.—Georgius Turner, Anglus. De Nova Doctrina Phrenologica.—Thomas Ward, Scotus. De Pleuritide.—Gulielmus Watson, Scotus. De Ventriculi Scirrhus.—Joannes Waldron Watson, Hibernus. De Quinto Nervorum Pari.—Joannes Smith Waugh, Scotus. De Electricitate.—Joannes Wayte, Anglus. De Tetano.—Joannes Webster, Anglus. De Purpura Hæmorrhagica.—Gulielmus Whymer, Anglus. De Ophthalmia Membranarum.—Ricardus Thomas Woodhouse, Hibernus. De Melænia.—Joannes Wordingham, Anglus. De Pulmonis Inflammatione.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POETICAL SKETCHES.

Third Series.—Sketch the First.
THE MINE.

Alas, the strange varieties of life!
We live 'mid perils and pleasures, like
Characters 'graven on the sand, or hues
Colouring the rainbow. Wild as a sick fancy
And changeful as a maiden, is this dream,
This brief dream on earth
Their doom was misery.

They were two lovers.—Oh how much is said
In that brief phrase; how much of happiness,
Of all that makes life precious, is summed up
In telling they were lovers! In this world,
In all its many pleasures, all its dreams
Of riches, fame, ambition, there is nought
That sheds the light of young and passionate love.
Ah, its first sign is worth all else on earth:
That sigh may be most fugitive, may leave
A burning, broken, or a withered heart;
It may know many sorrows, may be cross
With many cares, and all its joys may be
But rainbow glimpses seen in clouds; yet still
That sigh breathes paradise.—Love! thou hast been
Our ruin and our heaven! Well, they loved—
OLAVE and his ELORE; from infancy
They had been playmates, and they ever were
Each other's shadow; but when woman's blush
Came o'er the cheek, and woman's tenderness
Shaded ELORE's blue eyes, then OLAVE's heart
Caught deeper feeling. It was just the time
When soft vows have been breathed, and answered
By blushes, gentle sighs, the eloquent signs
Of maiden bashfulness and maiden love,
And OLAVE knew he was beloved, that when
The fresh spring leaves were on the fir, ELORE
Would be his own indeed. 'Tis a sweet time,
This season of young passion's happiness!
The spirit revels in delicious dreams;
The future is so beautiful, for hope
Is then all powerful. They would often sit
For hours by their bright hearth, and tell old tales
Of love, true as their own—or talk of days
Of quiet joy to come. And when the Spring
Smiled in green beauty, they would sweetly roam

By the pale Moon, and in her tender light.
Read the love, written in each other's eyes,
And call her for a witness. Oh 'tis bliss
To wander thus, arm linked in arm!—a look,
A sigh, a blush, the only answers given
To the so witching tales fond lips are telling.—
One eye they parted even more tenderly
Than they were wont to do; but one day more
And their fate would be linked in a true bond
Of deep affection; henceforth but one life!—
But the next morn he came not, and ELORE
Watched down the vale in vain! The evening closed,
And by her fireside there was solitude;
Morn blushed again, and found her still alone,
That promised morning, whose light should have
shed

Gladness o'er the sweet bride, but shone on tears,
On loneliness and terror! Days pass'd by,
But OLAVE came not; no one knew of his fate;
It was all mystery and fear. They searched
The valleys and the mountains, but no trace
Was left to tell of either life or death:
He had departed like a shadow. Strange
And drear were now the many tales they told
In his own village: some said the snow-pit
Had been his grave, and some that still he lived;
And wild old histories were now recalled
Of mortals loved by powerful beings, who
Bore them from earth—and OLAVE was so young,
So beautiful, he might well be beloved
By mountain-spirits. But alas for her,
His widowed Bride! how soon she changed from all
The beauty of her youth—her long gold hair
Lost its bright colour, and her fair blue eyes
Forgot the sunshine of their smile, for never
Her countenance was brightened up again
By the heart's gladsome feelings. So she lived
A solitary thing, to whom the world
Was nothing; and she shunned all intercourse,
Shrunk even from the voice of soothing; all
Her earthly ties were broken, and she could
But brood o'er her great misery. . . .

'Twas in Fahlun's deep mines a coarse was found,
As the dark miners urged their toilsome way,
Preserv'd from all decay; the golden locks
Curl'd down in rich luxuriance o'er a face
Pale as a statue's—cold and colourless,
But perfect every feature.—No one knew
What youth it was. The dress was not the same
As worn by miners, but of antique shape,
Such as their fathers', and they deemed it was
Some stranger who had curiously explored
The depths of Fahlun, and the falling rock
Had closed him from the face of day for ever.
Thrice fearful grave! They took the body up
And bore it to the open air, and crowds
Soon gathered round to look on the fair face
And graceful form, yet still not one could tell
Aught of its history. But at length there came
An aged woman; . . . down beside the youth
Trembling she knelt, and with her withered hands
Parted from off his face the thick bright hair—
She sank upon his bosom, one wild shriek
Rang with his name,—My love, my lost OLAVE!

L. E. L.

LINES

Composed, in part, during a Thunder Storm.
NIGHT.

How awfully sublime the lengthened roar
Of the hoarse-throated thunder, when it roll's
Amid a mass of clouds—the first faint sound
Prophetic of its coming—then the loud,
The deafening peal more near,—hacking along
As if with wrathful speed, or muttering slow,—
Till dying dull away, it leaves behind
A tremulous echo mocking!

The lightning's flash,—
How swiftly fierce it seems to span the sky.

When black with clouds of night;—'tis here,—
'tis gone,
Swifter than thought, and leaving far behind
Weak, dazzled, aching sight!

There,—there, it shone,—
One vivid gleam stretching from North to South,
As a huge crimson banner floating free!
Fancy might picture there the horrid strife
Of demons warring to regain the state
So long time lost; that then they tore away
Part of the cloudy barrier which conceals
Their ancient Home from view, and through the
And misty covering glimmer'd forth awhile
Some tokens of the splendour which for e'er
Reigns in that blissful place.—Again,—again,—
It sudden darts, with strange contorted streak,
As if in fissures Heaven's foundation broke
To give the vengeance way!

Once more 'tis dark:—
And loudly as the Ocean roars, when o'er
Its heaving breast the strong winds drive along,
Stirring it up to fury—harshly grand
The thunder urges past;—now loud,—now faint;—
Rising and falling on th' attentive ear,
As wave succeeding wave upon the deep.
'Tis hush'd,—the rain with pattering sound
Falls hastily to cheer the parched earth—
A welcome boon to thirsty vegetation!
How singular this scene!—now veiled in gloom,
Too deep for eye to pierce;—and sudden, then,
As at a secret signal, brilliant lights
Dashing athwart the sky, distinctly show
The vast, unwieldy couriers of the air,
In sombre moodiness slow moving on,
As in a boundless amphitheatre
Acting some mystic pageant silently!
Again th' horizon glows with fiery tints,
Farther removed, and fainter, starting up
With flickering speed, as if some mighty fire
Were slowly dying for the want of fuel,—
Again the thunder rolls with undulation,
Speaking, in mellowed tones, of its retreat
From hence to other sphere.

'Tis silent now,—
All silent, save the rain.—How still is Night!
Emblem of quiet,—undisturbed and full
As that which dwells in th' unoccupied breast!
How dull is Night!—type of the heart in which
Foul thoughts and black imaginations live,
As in secluded haunts, unknown to men,
To every eye impervious,—save One!
The rain has ceased; the clouds, more broken, flit
In rude, fantastic forms across the sky,
Leaving at intervals small openings, whence
The stars look forth with mute serenity!
How wonderful is Night! e'en when so calm,
That not a sound disturbs the solitude;
When the light winds are laid, and brightly fair
The crescent moon sails on uncloudedly.—
Yet how much more so, when, in sullen state,
The congregated vapours lowering hang;
When the wild wind, unloosed, in boisterous rage
Sweeps on its pathless way with echoing cry;
And, from the arsenal of higher Heaven,
The strife among the elements appals
The ear of trembling nature with its din,
Tumultuously discordant!— . . .

Oh, Night!—

How universal are thy comfortings;—
Beneath thy darkling brow the wounded heart
Finds courage to think o'er its heavy woes;
And by the prayer which thou inspirest, gains
Strength yet awhile to bear up and endure them.—
Thou callest home the labourer from the field,
And lay'st him down to rest;—the weary head,
Troubled with many cares, thou gently soothe'st
Far spreading o'er the unresisting world [rest]—
The Lethæan garb of sweet forgetfulness.

Thou shadowy phantom of Almighty power;—
Most wondrous work of wondrous master hand,—
Primal circler of this beauteous orb,
And Elder Brother of more lovely Day!
How doth thy noiseless birth, thy gentle death,
Thy never failing memory of the time
Appointed for thy reappearing, speak
Of that exalted One, by whom thou art,
By whom we are,—and by whose word all things
Move in their several and appointed spheres;
Each but a part of that surpassing whole,
Made by His word, and by His will preserved,
As indications of unbounded might! BETA.

A NEW DEVIL.

[The following has been handed to us by one of the Printer's *Devils*, as his own composition: if the features are flattered, therefore, it may be ascribed to the family name at least, if not to some degree of relationship.—Ed.]

When Beelzebub, Prince of the Devils in hell,
Sought a curse more destructive, more bitter,
more fell,

Than e'er had obtained on this turnabout ball,
He cited his minions, who came at his call.
"I'm thinking," said he, "that the bulk of mankind

Do not suffer enough, are not plagued to my mind;
Is there nothing, my fiends, that your wit can devise
That can raise to distinction and bear off a prize?
On the faith of a Devil, the Spirit who can
Invent a worse plague than e'er visited man,
Shall have his petition, whatever it may be
In the power of Satan to give, as a fee."

This said, as on Earth, a faint murmur arose,
From a speech from an orator's brought to a close;
And off went the fiends, in a similar way
To a Westminster meeting or Irish affray.
Then the Demons of Pestilence, Famine and War,
Appear'd in their might, but less skillful by far
Than the Spirits of Envy, and Hatred, and Spleen;
For in this chosen Trio more aptly was seen
The gift of inflection, more lengthen'd and keen.
The hell-broth prepared, with a devilish skill,
Ingredients were mixed up of every ill,
While Malice and Mischief threw in their supplies,
In equal proportions, of fraud and of lies.
When, lo! from the cauldron arose on the view
A shape more distorted than Breughel* e'er drew;
'Twas the Spirit of Party! and Hell own'd the Pest,
Of all her productions, the worst and the best.

* A painter noted for his devotion to demoniacal subjects, and hence designated *Hellish Breughel*.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,
AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.—Chap. XL

PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

"Verily I cannot get this mighty street out of my head," said the Doctor. "And then there is the new park—what do you call it, Mary-le-bone—no, the Regent's Park: It seems to be an elegant, well-planned place, methinks, and will have a fine effect, no doubt, with its villas and what not, when the shrubs and trees have shot up a little. But I shall not live to see it, and I care not; for I remember those fields in their natural, rural garb, covered with herds of kine, when you might stretch across from old Willan's farm there a-top of Portland-street, right away without impediment to Saint John's Wood, where I have gathered blackberries when a boy—which pretty place, I am sorry

to see, these brick-and-mortar gentry have trencched upon. Why, Ephraim, you metropolitans will have half a day's journey, if you proceed at this rate, ere you can get a monthful of fresh air. Where the houses are to find inhabitants, and when inhabited, where so many mouths are to find meat, must be found out by those who come after. Every age must provide for itself, and I hope a blessing will attend that which is to come. But for my part, I have long thought the head was growing too big for the body. Ah! this is a mighty speculative age! I thought the town was big enough before; but—but perhaps I am wrong, for us old greybeards, particularly we who idle our lives away remote from this great city, are apt to cherish narrow notions, '*Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis*.'"

"Why, Doctor, 'tis best to leave the rising generation to itself. The world, I am afraid, would not be much better governed by us cautious old fellows; for, for every wrinkle we have a prejudice. Let them build away, if it keeps them out of mischief, as friend Caleb was wont to say. *Discipulus est prioris posterior dies*. Experience will be more wholesome, and better relished, than our advice.

"Ha—ha—ha!—I am just thinking of a worthy soul in his way—a man, Sirs, having as many of the tarts and chesscakes of this life, as honest Sancho has it, as any easy fellow I ever knew. Yes, and he was a great man—one who thought as you think about population and these matters, worthy Doctor; a man of weight—of four and twenty stone at least—a sleeping-partner in a bank. Verily a sleeper, who stood and snored, as Caleb averred, whilst deliberating with his fishmonger which of the two turbot he would take, the last time he dined with him at his hotel. Yes, poor Mitchell—though, God knows, he was rich enough, and, as the gossips say, had neither child nor child withal to whom to leave his wealth.

"Now your sonnetteering poets and polemic authors—your sanguine schemists and visionary projectors—your thinking worthies who live by anticipation—such may be forgiven, if on rainy days they become a little hypochondriacal touching to-morrow's mutton. But for your fellows who never knew a greater misery than whether to take burgundy or claret, or whether the haunch were better carved this way or that, to be querulous about how the many mouths are to be fed, is rather out of the course of human consistency. Yet amongst these fatlings shall you hear the loudest and most clamorous bleatings of 'NOTHING TO EAT!'

"Well, Sirs, Master Caleb was on his way up the hill in the Adelphi, to his post* at the Society of Arts, and who should he stumble upon at the corner of James-street, just turning round from Rowlandson's, but Master Mitchell, the quondam banker, of old Hod-soll's house. He had, as usual, been foraging among the multitudinous sketches of that original artist, and held a port-folio under his arm; and as he was preparing to step into his chariot, Caleb accosted him—'Well, worthy Sir, what more choice bits—more graphic whimsies, to add to the collection at Enfield, hey? Well, how fares it with our old friend Rolly?' (a familiar term by which the artist is known to his ancient cronies.)

* Caleb Whitefoord was Vice-President of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

"Why yes, Mister Caleb Whitefoord, I go collecting on, though I begin to think I have enough already, for I have some hundreds of his spirited works; but somehow there is a sort of fascination in these matters, and—heigh—ha—ho—hoo, (gaping.) 'I never go up—up—Bless the man, why will he live so high!—it kills me to climb his stairs,' holding his ponderous sides. 'I never go up, Mister Caleb, but I find something new, and am tempted to pull my purse-strings. His invention, his humour, his—his oddity is exhaustless.'

"Yes," said Whitefoord, 'Master Rolly is never at a loss for a subject, and I should not be surprised if he is taking a bird's-eye view of you and I at this moment, and marking us down for game. But it is not his drawings alone; why he says he has etched as much copper as would sheath a first-rate man-of-war; and I should think he is not far from the mark in his assertion.'

"Yes," replied the Banker, 'he ought to be rich, for his genius is certainly the most exhaustless, the most—the most—No, Mister Caleb, there is no end to him; he manufactures his humorous ware with such unceasing vigour, that I know not what to compare his prolific fancy to, unless—unless it be to this increasing population,* turning round, as he held the two sides of the door-way to his chariot, and looking with astonishment at the shoals of young folks who were pressing on for admittance to the Society's great rooms. It was on a day for the delivery of prize medals.

"Mercy on us!" said the huge man, 'did you ever see such coveys of boys and girls!—such a fine handsome race too!—young Grecians in beauty. Ah, poor things!—Why where, in the name of wonder, will this end! Why I have been looking out of Rolly's window at them; 'till the stream of white frocks and straw-bonnets made my head run round. They are thick as the eleven thousand virgins crowding into Claude's picture. Hey! why! what more yet!—more of them still!—Why where the deuce is the food to come from to fill the bellies of such an increasing population! It makes one melancholy to see such a sight. God help the pretty creatures, they will never find employ, I fear. One half must eat the other up!—It is impossible—quite impossible they can live.'

"O, let them alone for that, the pretty innocents," said honest Jack Nixon, who was just popping in at Rowlandson's as Mitchell was rolling out—'God never sends mouths but he sends meat. What, my royal Banquo! (a nonsensical play upon banker, used by this old member of the Beef-steak)—'Why, my royal, is it you?' patting him familiarly on his sides—'Why, my worthy knight of the knife and fork, is this your grace for the good things of this world? *Il faut que tout le monde vive*, as old French Harry said when he handed his plate to his rival; and live they will, pretty dears, though they may not get as large a Benjamin's mess as you and I, my royal.'

"Ah, my Jack, and ah, my Johnny, is it you!" said the friendly banker. This was another worthy—one of the worthiest that ever trod the stage. 'Well, my Jack, and well, my Johnny, well met!—and if you two can wedge in here among all these baskets and rattle-traps, come and take a knife and fork down in Essex, and I will furnish you with night-caps.'

"I am engaged at the Beef-steak," said

Nixon—"look at my buttons."—"Well, do you come then, my old friend," addressing himself to the Comedian—"none can be more welcome. You shall have a bottle of the best, and we will gossip of old times. Rolly has promised to come down—I would have taken the rogue with me, only that he is about some new scheme for his old friend Ackermann there, and says he must complete it within an hour. You know Rolly's expedition, and so he will come down by the stage."

"That is the way, keep moving," said Nixon—"and he must mount the stage too," pointing to the comedian—"but not the Enfield Fly, hey, Jack?"—"No, the old steady goer, the evening drag at Drury Lane." The Comedian was to play that night.

"What, more provision for the convent, hey?" said the rattling Nixon, peeping in at the carriage-door, where were stowed a basket of fish, and some jars of sauces from Burgess's in the Strand—"That's your sort, keep moving—

One leg of mutton and two fat geese,
Beans and bacon, ducks and pease;
In short, (my royal) you've ev'ry thing to please
The Belly.

Well but, 'Squire Mitchell, joking apart, we heard your croaking soliloquy: What are you in a fright about? Eat your mutton in peace, man, and sit and nod over your *hic, hac, hoc*, and drink a *hujus* bumper, as Dean Swift says, to this ingenious young fry. You may live upon your own flesh when winter comes, or the devil's in't. Stop—steady—be careful, my royal *Banquo*, we cannot spare you yet. Take you care how you step, for charity's sake, or you'll turn the carriage over, and all the turtle will be spoiled."

"Well, Sirs," said the Counsellor, "they got him in; the lively party shook hands with him, wished him a pleasant ride, and away he drove for Essex.

"Starving population!" exclaimed the witty Comedian—"ha—ha—ha! Famine! what a picture of famine!—and I wonder we had not a touch at War—that's another of his calamities." Then clasping his own sides, added, "O, what a *belly-gerent*!"

"This is passing strange," said Whiteford, watching the chariot until it got over the horizon of the Adelphi hill—"Faith, I do not remember to have dined once tête-à-tête with that really excellent, good-tempered man, the Christian Leviathan, for the last ten years, but he has been brooding on the terror of increasing population, increasing streets, and consequent famine. And yet who adds a better hot supper to a good dinner, or gives you excellent burgundy with a better heart!"

"Whiteford related this to his Grace of Norfolk, after his lively manner, as soon as the room was cleared of the pretty misses in their white frocks, and the young masters, who may become old masters in due time," said the Counsellor; "for this Institution has witnessed some gratifying instances of what a medal of honour may effect; and the Duke laughed heartily. 'Well,' said his Grace, measuring his own bulk with great good-humour, 'Master Mitchell and I, should this prediction of *famine* be verified, shall have much to answer for. I should like to know which of us two great men weighs the most. Famine! I dine at the Beef-steak

to-day—Let me see, we are to take stock of wine, that is the business. Famine!—a good subject for your witty pen, Master Whiteford. Come, try your hand at it, and earn the gold medal."

"Poor Caleb!—The next morning I received a packet—I knew the hand—and on opening it, what should I find but a dialogue!—it is a *Ghost Story*; and if, Ephraim, your man has nothing material to do, and you would like to see it, (for I believe it is one of the last effusions of his lively pen,) I will send a note to my grand-daughter, with the key of my *escritoire*, and she will lay her hand on it, and return it by the messenger."

[Want of room obliges us to defer the continuation of this Chapter to another Number.]

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

The Parisians are a little mortified at the very few good pictures in the last exhibition. Accustomed to form their opinions from the circumstances and impressions of the moment, they infer that the arts are retrograding in France, and some journals have instituted a rigid enquiry into the causes of this sudden decline, which they think cannot speedily be remedied. There was, whatever the causes, a want of good pictures; but it would surely be wrong to judge of the present state of the arts in France from a single year. In the first place, the present government has not, like the preceding, large sums of money to bestow on the purchase of historical pictures, because it is under the necessity of applying to the Chamber for money, and rendering an account of its disposal, a ceremony with which Napoleon was wont to dispense. In the second place, our principal artists have not all competed at this exhibition; but what they have exhibited is worthy their reputation, and proves no decline of talent. Gérard has exhibited portraits as fine as those for which the foreign sovereigns paid him between twenty and thirty thousand francs. His *Corinna at Cape Miseno* is certainly a beautiful production; it is only to be lamented that the painter, for the purpose of throwing lustre on the figure of Corinna, has almost neglected the rest of the picture. The inspired Improvisatrix is seated on a rock at the seaside, with her left arm supporting the lyre, raising towards heaven her countenance, in which poetic genius is strongly portrayed. The gloom of night already begins to overspread the scene. Oswald, an Albanian, and some other individuals, are listening with rapture to her poetic strains. These figures are thrown into shade, and form merely accessories to the figure of Corinna, on whom a brilliant light descends. Her attitude, her form, all are beautiful, except perhaps the features, which can scarcely be considered as sufficiently poetic and conformable to the *beau idéal*, because the artist has endeavoured to give them some resemblance to Madame de Stael. The following particulars are stated respecting this picture:—Prince Augustus Ferdinand of Prussia, during his stay at Paris in 1814, communicated to Gérard the idea of a picture in which Madame de Stael should be

represented as Corinna, a character which she has herself painted with such a glow of fancy. Gérard accordingly produced the picture which is now exhibited, and on its completion the Prince of Prussia presented it to Madame Récamier, once so celebrated for her beauty, and who braved the persecution of Buonaparte, to remain faithful to her friend, Madame de Stael, during her exile. This beautiful picture, therefore, belongs to Madame Récamier, who has retired from the world; and now occupies a small apartment in the old *Abbaye-aux-Bois* at Paris, which still affords refuge to a few aged nuns. Madame Récamier gave the Prince of Prussia, in return, a copy of the portrait of Madame de Stael, painted by Gérard after the death of that celebrated woman; the original picture belongs to Madame de Broglie, daughter of Madame de Stael. Gérard afterwards made for the King of France a copy, reduced in size, of his picture of Corinna, in which he has also placed another figure, that of a Lazzerone, which happily completes the group of the Improvisatrix's auditors. - - -

There has lately been some mention of the removal of Count de Forbin from the head of the Musée Royal, a post which has considerable influence on the labour of artists. In order to explain the cause of the decline of the Arts, which, it is insisted, is obvious in the present Exhibition, blame is attached to every body; and some persons consider it absolutely necessary that Count de Forbin should be dismissed from the post of Director of the Musée, and that he should be succeeded by Gérard the painter. It is probable that this report was first circulated by the enemies of the one, or the friends of the other; but unfortunately it is affirmed that Gérard is also on the decline, and his picture of *Corinne* is adduced in support of the assertions. Gérard's *Corinne* has shared the fate which not unfrequently attends books and pictures: the favoured few who were admitted to view it in the painter's study, immediately after its completion were seized with admiration, and could not find language to describe it. Their praises even crept into the foreign journals; I read in a German paper a pompous eulogium with which M. Schlegel had accompanied a description of Gérard's *Corinne*. The picture at first presented a freshness and brilliancy of colour which perfectly corresponded with the poetic inspiration the painter had given to his heroine. It has been a subject of surprise that it should have lost this brilliancy on being exhibited at the Salon; and that it should have acquired a dim tone of colour which forms a disagreeable contrast to the newly finished pictures with which it is surrounded. The same change is observable with regard to the picture of the *Sabinés*, which, in course of its progress, attracted all Paris to visit David's study; though in the gallery of Luxembourg it now excites only a feeble degree of interest in spite of all the talent that has been exerted on it. Hence it is inferred (and perhaps very justly) that the great artists of the present day neglect the mate-

* John Nixon, a worthy member of the Beef-steak Club. The members wore buttons impressed with grid-irons.

rial part of their art, and fail to adopt the best methods for preserving the brilliancy of the colours and tints. It certainly seems unpardonable that with all the aid that might be derived from the advancement of chemistry, our painters are, in this respect, inferior to Rubens, Albano, and all the other great artists, who seem to have perfectly understood the art of the composition of colour.

THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Saturday last produced a light and pleasing farce at this theatre, called *Gretna Green*. Its appearance was at a critical time, being a few hours only before the operation of the new Marriage Act commenced, and probably was meant to put some loving couples in mind that the doubts and difficulties of this legislation for Lovers might be obviated by a trip to this celebrated altar of Hymen. The plot is very concise: A Soubrette (Miss Kelly) and a Valet out of place (Mr. Wrench) having met at a public masquerade, impose each upon the other for persons of title, and having mutually succeeded in the attempt, a trip to Gretna is, after a week's acquaintance, determined on, to the great satisfaction and delight of both parties. They arrive at the favoured spot; and here unfortunately the landlord of the inn recognizes the two, he having accidentally been at former times fellow servant with each of them! He discovers Mr. Timothy Jenkins to Miss Betty Finnikin, and vice versa, and a good scene ensues between the disappointed pair. In the mean time the real Lord Lovewell (Mr. Pearman), whose name Jenkins had assumed, arrives with a runaway Ward (Miss Carew), whose Guardian also makes his appearance, and promises fifty pounds to Larder, the landlord, if he will secure the last named couple. This he is anxious to do, but Betty Finnikin, having overheard the plot, acquaints the lovers with their danger. An immediate change of clothes takes place between Lord Lovewell and Timothy, and between Miss Emily and Betty Finnikin; and while the humbler pair are locked up by the careful landlord to wait the coming in of the Guardian, the real lovers are permitted to go to the Blacksmith's and have their chains riveted. The elenchissement shortly takes place, and the Guardian (as is usual and customary in these cases) finding no remedy, submits to sanction the marriage. For their services on this occasion, the discarded Valet and Waiting Maid are received into favour; and thus the piece ends. This farce is, we understand, from the pen of Mr. Brazely, and is a pretty lively thing, interspersed with some very fair puns, which, together with the excellent acting of Miss Kelly, and Mr. Wrench, kept the audience in continual good humour. The piece was announced for repetition without a dissentient voice, and bids fair to be a favourite with the public.

On Thursday, at this Theatre, a new Operetta, *The Fair Gabrielle*, was favourably received, and promises to become attractive.

VARIETIES.

Referring to the description of the dress, &c. of King James the First on his introduction to the readers of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, it may be curious to see how the author, in this picture of King Jamie, has amplified on the portrait which Osborne has left us of him in his *Memoirs* of that prince. The passage in Osborne's *Memoirs* is as follows:—"I shall leave his Majesty dressed to posterity in the colours I saw him in the next progress after his inauguration, which was as green as the grass he trod on, with a feather in his cap, and a horn instead of a sword by his side; how suitable to his age, person, or calling, I leave others to judge from his pictures, he owning a countenance not in the least semblable to any my eyes ever met with, besides a host dwelling at Amptill, formerly a shepherd," &c.

A booth has lately been erected on the Boulevard Montmartre at Paris, for the sale of *Ambrosia*, or "*Mets des Dieux*." It is given in little tea-cups, and, the Journals say, has met with a great sale; and that the immortal nourishment is at least likely to be patronized by all the women and poets.

All-fours.—An Italian philosopher has just discovered that all the diseases, and ultimately the death of man, result from his using the unnatural position of the perpendicular in his movements, instead of the horizontal, and consequently going on all-fours. This doctrine has given so much offence to his townsmen, the upright citizens of Pavia, that the doctor has been obliged to flee from their resentment.

A German Professor, Camper, has just found out the reason why monkeys do not speak. He ascribes their taciturnity to aerial follicles!

Anecdote of a Sailor.—The violent animosity against the English nation at the termination of the American war, was no where more remarkable than at Philadelphia. After the articles of peace had been signed, and while a British man of war was at anchor in the roads, it happened that a poor puppet-show keeper was exercising his vocation on the quay: "Here," said he, "you may see General Washington and the King of France riding on horseback, and George the Third on foot."—"Avast there!" exclaimed a British Tar, who was swaggering about on shore with a pipe in his mouth, "What's that you are jabbering about King George?" "Here," reiterated the man of wires, "is General Washington and the King of France on horseback, and the King of England on foot, all to be seen for one penny!" "D—n your eyes, then," thundered Jack, "now you shall see them all swim together," and with one kick sent the box and the puppets into the briny flood beneath. The unfortunate Yankee made violent remonstrances against the unjust destruction of his property, shrewdly 'guessing' that there must be some treason in the wind against Congress. The populace, which had assembled, as usual, on hearing the uproar, were highly exasperated; and poor Jack would have paid

dear for his loyal principles and ill-timed joke, had he not suddenly leaped into the sea, dived under a boat, and concealed himself on the other side till the storm which he had raised had subsided.—*From an eye witness.*—(Cambridge Chronicle.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

The following subjects are discussed in the forthcoming Number of the *Edinb. Review*: *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second*—*Fossile Fishes*—*Ireland*—*Constitutional Association*—*History of Insects*—*Politics of Switzerland*—*The Emperor Napoleon*—*Nigel*—*Transactions of Cambridge Society*—*Howison's Upper Canada*—*Europe and America in 1821*, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. England's Life of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, including much historical anecdote and many documents illustrative of the condition of the Irish Catholics during the 18th century, is we understand on the eve of being published.

Dr. Wanostracht's Epitome of Blackstone's Commentaries, for the use of schools, will be forthcoming in a few days.

An Inquiry into the Action of Mercury on the Living Body, by Mr. Swan, Surgeon to the Lincoln County Hospital, is expected to appear in the course of next week.

Miss Benger's Memoirs of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots is, we hear, in great forwardness.

Among other forthcoming Works, are *Mr. Dunlop's History of Roman Literature from the early periods to the Augustan Age*.—*Views of Ireland, moral, political, and religious*, by John O'Driscoll, Esq.—*Travels through the Holy Land and Egypt*, by Wm. Rae Wilson of Kelvinbank, N. B.; and *Journal of a Tour through the Netherlands to Paris in 1821*, by the Author of "*Sketches and Fragments*."

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

AUGUST.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	29 from 58 to 83	29.87 to 29.88
Friday	23 from 54 to 72	29.88 to 29.90
Saturday	24 from 47 to 71	29.84 to 29.86
Sunday	25 from 42 to 65	29.66 to 29.69
Monday	26 from 44 to 66	29.63 to 29.67
Tuesday	27 from 44 to 68	29.67 to 29.68
Wed.	28 from 50 to 65	29.69 to 29.50
Prevailing winds, W. & SW.—Weather clear till Friday evening; since, generally cloudy and showery. A heavy thunder storm on Tuesday afternoon.—Rain fallen 1 inch and .45 of an inch.		
Thursday	29 from 51 to 68	29.46 to 29.58
Friday	30 from 47 to 73	29.70 to 29.78
Saturday	31 from 42 to 78	29.83 to 29.86
Septr. Sunday 1	from 41 to 70	30.02 to 30.06
Monday	2 from 40 to 68	30.05 to 29.97
Tuesday	3 from 41 to 70	29.90 to 29.88
Wednesday 4	from 45 to 76	29.97 to 29.95
Prevailing winds W. and SW.—Generally clear till Sunday evening; remaining part of the week alternately cloudy and clear.—Rain fallen .1 of an inch.		

On Friday the 13th, at 15h 44' 49" the 2d Satellite of Jupiter will be eclipsed; and at 15h 46' 57" his 1st Satellite.—On Sunday the 15th, at 15' 19" after 10 o'clock, Jupiter's 1st Satellite will be eclipsed.

Edmonton.

JOHN ADAMI.

ADVERTISEMENT

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE following APPOINTMENTS have taken place in this Institution:—

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Head Governess, Mrs. Wade, widow of the late Colonel Wade.

Notice is hereby given, that the Academy will open on 1st January next; all Subscribers are therefore requested to forward the Names of any regular Students whom they may be desirous of recommending, on or before the 15th November next, in order that the Committee may have sufficient time to prepare for the Ballot which will decide as to their Election. The Committee of Management have acceded to the wishes expressed by several individuals to permit Extra Students, if they desire it, to board and lodge in the Establishment, upon the payment of 18 guineas, in addition to the 20 or 15 guineas already fixed for their Annual Contribution. Since no Ballot is required for their Admission, it has been determined to allow the recommendations from the Subscribers for this Class of Extra Students, to be sent in as late as the 15th December.

For Extra Students not boarding in the Establishment, and for whose Admission neither any Ballot nor any considerable preparation is necessary, recommendations from the Subscribers will be received as late as the 25th of December. By Order of the Committee,
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